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EDITORIAL

ARMADILLO DEMOCRATS

The Democratic Party's latest policy pronouncement, "New Choices in a Changing America," demonstrates again how readily politicians will cut their programs to fit this year's political fashions. The seventy-one-page document confirms Texas State Commissioner of Agriculture Jim Hightower's view of centrist politics: the only things that belong in the middle of the road, he says, are yellow lines and dead armadillos.

The report confirms, if there were still any doubts, that Democratic leaders have no new ideas. Instead of setting out clear alternatives to Republican policies, they are imitating them. Thus, the report exalts consensus at home and bipartisanship abroad. There is no mention of such "divisive" social issues as abortion and homosexual rights. After all, as one party official declared last week, those who are "weak on defense, have weird life styles, and are big taxers and spenders" are no longer welcome in the party.

On matters of foreign policy, the Democrats' new idea is the more efficient and flexible pursuit of Reaganite goals—modernizing the nuclear arsenal and fortifying U.S. conventional forces in Europe, while championing arms control. Their old idea is that "Democrats harbor no illusions about the Soviet Union," which the report describes, in an echo of you-know-who, as "an empire in the classical sense."

In their opportunistic efforts to reclaim lost voters, the Democrats are ignoring the evidence that, as *Nation* contributors Joel Rogers and Thomas Ferguson argue persuasively in their new book, *Right Turn*, Reagan is more popular than Reaganism. Last month's primaries seem to bear them out. It's a pity that Democratic leaders don't understand that one Republican Party is more than enough. Following the strategy outlined in this report may leave the Democratic Party flatter than a dead armadillo.

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100 FLOWERS
Clay Steinman

LESSON OF MON VALLEY
Sid Plotkin
Bill Scheuerman

SELLING INFO
Anita R. Schiller
Herbert I. Schiller

ANGELA CARTER
Ann Snitow

McCARTHY ON CAMPUS
Maurice Isserman

WHY JOHNNY CAN'T . . . (I)

WHAT THE TEST SCORES REALLY MEAN

PETER SCHRAG

According to the conventional wisdom, the academic standards of the country's public schools suffered a long and more or less uninterrupted decline between the 1960s and the early 1980s. It has been described sometimes in anecdotal terms—for example, how employers can't get high-school graduates who can read or compute—and sometimes in terms of what is said to be the absence of curricular rigor in the schools. But the most important piece of evidence that has been offered for the existence of a decline is the drop in test scores, particularly in the Scholastic Aptitude Test, which is taken by most of the country's college-bound high-school seniors. From 1963 to 1981 the average combined verbal and math SAT score slipped approximately ninety points.

Dozens of national commissions and other groups have sounded the alarm, most prominent among them, the National Commission on Excellence in Education, appointed in 1983 by Ronald Reagan's first Education Secretary, Terrel Bell. "The educational foundations of our society," said the commission in its most widely quoted statement, "are presently being eroded by a rising tide of mediocrity that threatens our very future as a nation and a people." Even before Bell's commission issued its report, however, an educational reform movement was developing across the country. Today it has left hardly a state untouched and has been crediting itself, and is often credited by others, with arresting and reversing the decline.

The rerorm movement, led most visibly by governors Lamar Alexander of Tennessee and

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LETTERS.

POLITICS?

San Francisco

Those of us who enjoy Alexander Cockburn's columns so much do so for a variety of reasons. In addition to Cockburn's rhetorical brilliance, there is also the between-the-lines challenge of figuring out which of his ongoing vendettas he is pursuing at the moment. And then there is the thrill of the chase, of never knowing when one of his rapier thrusts is going to be aimed at you.

In the case of his attack in "Beat the Devil" in the September 13 issue on me and on *Mother Jones*'s dispute with its editor Michael Moore, Cockburn makes a number of flights from reality, the chief of which is that he twists everything into ammunition for his own longstanding politico-literary feud with writer Paul Berman.

The background is this: awhile ago, *Mother Jones* sent Berman on two trips to Nicaragua. We promised Berman—and our readers—to give him space to say what he wanted in a series of two articles: an in-depth independent left perspective on the Sandinista revolution. Part one was published in the magazine earlier this year: a reporting piece that said the *contra* war against the Sandinistas was basically a war of the rich against the poor—a conclusion that should satisfy even Cockburn. Part two, which will appear in our December issue, continues a basically sympathetic look at Sandinismo, but says that its Marxism-Leninism has proved an instrument better for overthrowing Somoza than for managing an economy. *Mother Jones* editor Michael Moore and I disagreed over whether the piece should be run at full length; I insisted that he do so. We had made a commitment; it was an interesting article; and if a writer ends up with a partly critical perspective on something the magazine and he generally support, like the Nicaraguan revolution, that's no cause for censorship. Unlike Cockburn, apparently, I believe there are no sacred cows. There is room for many voices on the left: I suggested that Moore or Cockburn write a reply in *Mother Jones* to the Berman piece. The invitation to Cockburn still stands.

Shortly after this time, I and many other people at *Mother Jones* reluctantly concluded for other reasons that things were not working out with Moore's tenure as editor of the magazine, and I told him so. Cockburn said I cited our disagreement over Berman as a reason. Not so. I never mentioned it. Cockburn also implies there was something duplicitous about my not describing these reasons to Cockburn. I felt it was no service to Moore to describe why most people at *Mother Jones* felt he had not succeeded as editor. Unlike Cockburn's own suspension from *The Village Voice*, when I and other people signed statements supporting him, it was not a political issue; why air personal clashes about other things in print?

Cockburn pictures the Berman article as something Reagan could hold up at a press conference to claim *Mother Jones* has come over to his side. Come on, Alex, what kind of dream world are you living in? This is the magazine that Reagan's people spent three years trying to force out of business with a trumped-up tax case, that published full-page color photographs of Salvadoran death squad victims, that celebrated the activists of the sanctuary movement and those who've committed civil disobedience at nuclear weapons installations, that reported on what everybody in the United States from farmers to computer freaks can do to use their skills to help Nicaragua, that did a full-length feature on Haskell Wexler's anti-*contra* film which the major studios refused to distribute, the magazine whose cover headline a year ago accused Reagan of "devouring Nicaragua." It may fit your need for a villain of the moment to suggest that we are abandoning all this to be Reaganites or "quasi-liberals" or the publishers of "lies" about Nicaragua, but I'm confident that any readers who look at past—or future—issues of *Mother Jones* will conclude otherwise.

Adam Hochschild

WHAT POLITICS?

San Francisco

Those of us who know what really happened read with dismay Alexander Cockburn's column about *Mother Jones* and its differences with Michael Moore as editor. Cockburn's piece may titillate readers because of its vitriolic rhetoric, but it has little to do with reality. Cockburn's fantasy is an old-time morality play in which there is a confrontation over political principle between a virtuous poor boy—Moore—and an arrogant plutocrat—Adam Hochschild. Unfortunately for the press, reality is much more mundane. The truth is that Hochschild indeed confronted Moore, but it was not over his politics; it was over the administrative, managerial and editorial leadership problems that had accumulated at the magazine during the five months of Moore's editorship. Furthermore, Hochschild acted at the strong urging of a number of us, and each of us fully support his action.

Michael Moore's lack of success at *Mother Jones* had nothing to do with his politics; in fact it was the intensity of his political passion that led us all to have high hopes for him in the first place. Like many people who have not met the expectations of their co-workers, Moore apparently tries to find someone else to blame and an evil motive behind his fall from grace—even when there is none. Moore seems to have chosen to obscure his problems as editor by raising noble causes like the Sandinistas and the rights of labor. But, in our view, Moore's lack of success as editor had to do with his performance on the job, his relations with his co-workers and his ability to bring to the magazine the caliber of stories and the kind of writing he so eloquently promised. His opinions on Nicaragua or the particular labor dispute he cited were and are beside the point.

Despite Cockburn's portrayal of Moore's "hard luck story," none of us at the magazine want Moore to undergo any financial hardship, and the magazine told him so. But it has been difficult to arrange a settlement with him: he canceled two out of three meetings set up to discuss it and has not responded to the magazine's offer to submit the matter to arbitration or mediation.

Cockburn is also bending facts when he says Moore was brought in to rescue a *Mother Jones* that was down and out. The magazine's circulation was *increasing* when Moore arrived; it is now 175,000 and still going up. All of us here are eager to get on with the work that has made *Mother Jones* the most popular magazine of political opinion in America.

Don Hazen, publisher
Louise Kollenbaum, art director
Bruce Dancis, managing editor
Dick Bunce, associate publisher
Bernard Ohanian, senior editor
Roberta Orlando, advertising director
David Assmann, business director

COCKBURN REPLIES

Los Baños, Calif.

Adam Hochschild and his viziers have got history neatly pinned down on the rewrite desk, but they're still dissembling about the main issues or contriving not to talk about them.

As Michael Moore recalls it, his eviction proceedings began on September 2 as follows:

HOCHSCHILD: "We have a crisis situation and you've precipitated the crisis."

MOORE: "Over what?"

HOCHSCHILD: "First of all, over this article by Paul Berman. Bruce [Dancis] feels he can't work with you. Two, Don [Hazen] says he can't work with you and you disrupted the last management meeting by your opposition to the firing of Richard Schauffler."

Two days later, Hochschild apprised *Mother Jones*'s staff of Moore's departure, mentioning the Berman imbroglio as one reason. A person present reconfirmed this to me on September 18. I talked to Hochschild about thirty-six hours after he had fired Moore, and I quoted Moore's recollection to him. He did not then deny he had brought up Berman and Schauffler, but said merely that they were factors in his decision to get rid of Moore. Now in his letter he says flatly that Berman was never mentioned. In the same conversation with me on September 3

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EDITORIALS.

Cory in Charge

What a spectacle it was last week as the bipartisan Congressional ranks fixed yellow ribbons, not to mention ties, handkerchiefs and Texas roses, to every part of their anatomy. But, as usual, the theater that attended Corazon Aquino's first face-to-face encounter with Ronald Reagan was deeply at variance with the realities that hem her in—Clark and Subic military bases, a $26 billion foreign debt and nearly a century of U.S. domination of the Philippines.

Watching Aquino make her way through her visit, one was aware of the vultures perched all around her. It began before she arrived, when one of those "senior officials"—widely and plausibly assumed to be Donald Regan—condemned her decision to negotiate with the New People's Army. The "communist insurgency" issue refused to go away. Back in Manila, Defense Minister Juan Ponce Enrile took advantage of her absence to launch another harsh attack on her handling of the insurgency. Vice President Salvador Laurel followed suit. And so did Chief of Staff Gen. Fidel Ramos, who until now has been keeping a low profile.

The economic actors also played their part. Even as President Reagan was again marveling, in his speech to the U.N.

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General Assembly, at the magic of the marketplace, the bankers and putative corporate investors whom George Shultz had assembled in New York were presenting Aquino with a familiar Catch-22. We know why you and your advisers are here: you are asking for our vote of confidence and our investments so that you can achieve economic recovery and stability. But why should we give you either while your government is still so unstable? Investors back in Manila, who shipped prodigious amounts of capital out of the Philippines as Marcos began to slide, are asking the same question. And in Congress the smiles of welcome rapidly glazed over when the discussion turned to the matter of hard cash. The spirit of Gramm-Rudman-Hollings, the incantation of this political season, prevented any extraordinary aid appropriations, let alone the "mini-Marshall Plan" for which ambitious Filipinos may have hoped. But more than budget cutting is behind the retreat. Reagan's "Winds of Freedom" tour last spring made it clear that well-behaved Asian allies such as South Korea and Indonesia could expect to find funding loopholes. And General Zia's Pakistan is slated for a six-year aid package of $4.2 billion. That kind of money will not come Aquino's way while Congress mistrusts her long-term plans for the bases.

Aquino observed some of the formalities of the diplomatic game, most pointedly in her refusal to call Marcos by name. He was invariably "the dictator" or "my predecessor"—terms that don't remind listeners of the U.S. embrace of Marcos—presumably in exchange for a U.S. assurance that he will be kept in Hawaii while the legal process of recovering some of his loot continues. But otherwise her language was refreshing. Aquino's audacity in calling N.P.A. soldiers "human beings" at a human rights dinner in New York, her allusion before Congress to the "economic progress and justice . . . for which the best intentioned among them fight," must have sounded like heresy to the Reagan Administration. So must her message to investors that Philippine workers are more than cheap labor.

If Aquino can get away with this discourse for a brief interval, it is because she has Reagan—morally at least—over a barrel. George Bush's 1981 salute to Marcos's commitment to democracy is still a fresh memory. Fresher still is Reagan's idiot charge of fraud "occurring on both sides" in the February election.

This moral capital may buy Aquino only symbolic and temporary space for maneuver, however; it does not easily translate into muscle. The State Department and the Pentagon, the bankers and the Congress, may hold the key to her survival. But they are not the source of her legitimacy, which must still be secured at home in the form of a solid political base. Was Aquino's trip an early skirmish preceding defeat? Certainly she faces obstacles at home and abroad. But last week in Washington and New York she began to speak a language of national identity for the Philippines—still barely coherent as a nation-state—that for the first time rises above the cheap and cynical clientelism of the Marcos era.

'CHAIRMAN RON'

Morton Mintz has been deluged with requests for his *Quotations From Chairman Ron*, mentioned by Christopher Hitchens in "Minority Report" on September 20. Although Mintz is not selling the book, he can arrange for mail-order purchases but asks that buyers enclose $1.50 for handling one or more copies, in addition to the cover price of $2.95. Washington, D.C., residents must add 18¢ sales tax per copy. The address again: 3022 Macomb Street, N.W., Washington, DC 20008.

Bellwether

Many elements contributed to the success of this summer's strikes by members of the Communications Workers of America (C.W.A.) against A.T.&T. and several regional telephone companies, but one of the most heartening is the emerging alliance between labor unions and the women's movement.

Unions are good for women. A recent study by Karen Brodkin Sacks for the National Organization for Women shows that unionized women earn 34 percent more than their nonunion sisters, while union men earn only 21 percent more than nonunion men. Clearly, wages were at stake in the C.W.A. strikes, but so were day care and alternative health coverage—of special concern to women, who make up more than half the union's 650,000 members. A.T.&T. refused to consider a C.W.A. proposal for on-site child-care centers, but the union did secure medical coverage for the use of birthing centers, hospices and home health care.

C.W.A. leaders saw feminists as potential allies in their struggle. During negotiations with both A.T.&T. and the regional telephone companies, the union sought support from the broader progressive community, especially feminists. Their efforts paid off. In June, NOW's board of directors passed a resolution endorsing the C.W.A. workers, and local NOW leaders spoke at strike rallies in New York City. Prominent feminists, including Gloria Steinem and Barbara Ehrenreich, signed a Citizens Support Committee statement that called unionization "crucial" to the women's movement. In negotiations with Ameritech in Michigan and with U.S. West in Colorado, the C.W.A. labeled the companies' plans to offer wage increases to skilled workers but not to operators and clerks as an attack on women. Articles in the *Detroit Free Press* and Denver's *Rocky Mountain News* claimed that the regional companies were discriminating against their female employees.

The alliance between unionists and feminists that operated in the C.W.A. strike holds great potential benefits for both groups. Feminists helped the union. The success of the Communications Workers of America in organizing and promoting the rights of women workers points the way for the trade union movement to grow and thrive. Feminists can also provide support for women to rise within the union,

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making it truly representative of its membership. Although more than half the C.W.A.'s membership is female, only two women sit on its executive board, and no woman heads a district. According to the union, however, the number of women in secondary leadership positions—vice presidents and secretary-treasurers of union locals—has tripled in the past ten years.

And the union can help feminists. It is hard to imagine that a national day-care policy, pension reform or even the modest parental leave legislation now before Congress will be passed without the combined efforts of the unions and the women's movement. Victories on these issues reflected in collective bargaining agreements, as we have already seen with comparable worth, will pressure company heads and elected officials to take action. JO-ANN MORT

Jo-Ann Mort is a writer and an activist in the Democratic Socialists of America.

Vox Pop

One problem with the continuing debate over left economic policy objectives in recent issues of *The Nation* is that it has been framed and elaborated by a few activist intellectuals [see Stanley Aronowitz, "The Myth of Full Employment," February 8; Michael Harrington, "Progressive Economics for 1988," May 3; and Fred Block, Richard A. Cloward, Barbara Ehrenreich and Frances Fox Piven, "The Trouble with Full Employment," May 17]. We at the Center for Democratic Alternatives recently began a survey project through our newsletter, "Progressive Agenda," to involve progressive activists around the country in this kind of discussion.

The newsletter's first issue included a detailed review of the debate over economic policy objectives. We summarized three principal positions in this debate. The first we called the income-support option, reflecting recent advocacy of an expanded welfare state. The second presented the full-employment position, recapitulating some familiar arguments in support of that policy. We called the third choice the synthetic option; it places equal priority on both income-support and full-employment demands.

Our survey invited participants to choose among those three positions and delineate the reasons for their preference. We tallied 622 responses—representing roughly 25 percent of the regular reader/participant pool we had attracted with the first issue.

Who are the respondents? They appear to describe a reasonable cross section of the progressive community. The largest group responding to the first survey identify or work with the anti-intervention movement (16 percent), followed closely by those connected with the disarmament (16.2 percent) and labor (15 percent) movements and then, in descending order, by those associated with citizen action, the poor and the unemployed, religious activists, members of the women's movement, environmentalists, members of minority movements, gays and lesbians, senior citizens and small farmers.

In political orientation—reflecting the mostly left channels through which we solicited participants—the greatest number describe themselves as socialists (37.5 percent), followed by progressives (19.9 percent) and then by radicals, liberals, feminists, populists, moderates, greens, democratic socialists, anarchists and Democrats. At least a third are full-time or part-time staff members of movement or constituency organizations.

The survey shows that although 19.9 percent of the respondents chose the full-employment option and only 6.4 percent preferred the income-support emphasis, an overwhelming majority—72.3 percent—favored combining both demands.

Equally striking, support for the third, combined alternative cuts across constituencies and political orientations. In only two constituencies (labor and gays/lesbians) did the margin fall below two-thirds. Likewise, a majority in all political orientations opted for combining the two demands, ranging across a relatively narrow spectrum from radicals at the high end (79.4 percent) to moderates and populists at the low end (54.5 percent).

This second result bears on an argument made by proponents of welfare state expansion, that the emphasis on full employment tends to slight the needs of "the growing number of Americans—disproportionately women and members of minority groups—who work full time all year and still subsist below the poverty level" (Block et al., p. 694). Yet respondents who most clearly identified with the women's movement or with the poor and unemployed were more likely on average to favor the combined choice over the income-support alternative; they preferred the synthetic alternative in proportions slightly above average. Only those associated with minorities were somewhat less likely than average to favor the combined choice, but that was because they leaned more toward exclusive emphasis on the full-employment demand.

Similarly, respondents in general reject the label "full employment" but not, as some critics do, because the concept is stale. Rather, most of them, 71 percent, preferred the simple demand of "the right to a decent job."

What explains this apparent consensus? Our survey asked respondents to rank in relative importance a variety of possible explanations for their preferences. Most participants placed greatest emphasis on two arguments: "both policy emphases are compatible and necessary," and a "move toward both objectives would create the biggest push for more equality."

This sampling suggests that American progressives may give equal priority to the right to a decent job and adequate income support. Perhaps the left should stop pitting one approach against the other and mobilize for progress on both fronts. DAVID M. GORDON AND SUSAN R. BROWN

David M. Gordon is editor and Susan R. Brown is associate editor of "Progressive Agenda," published by the Center for Democratic Alternatives.

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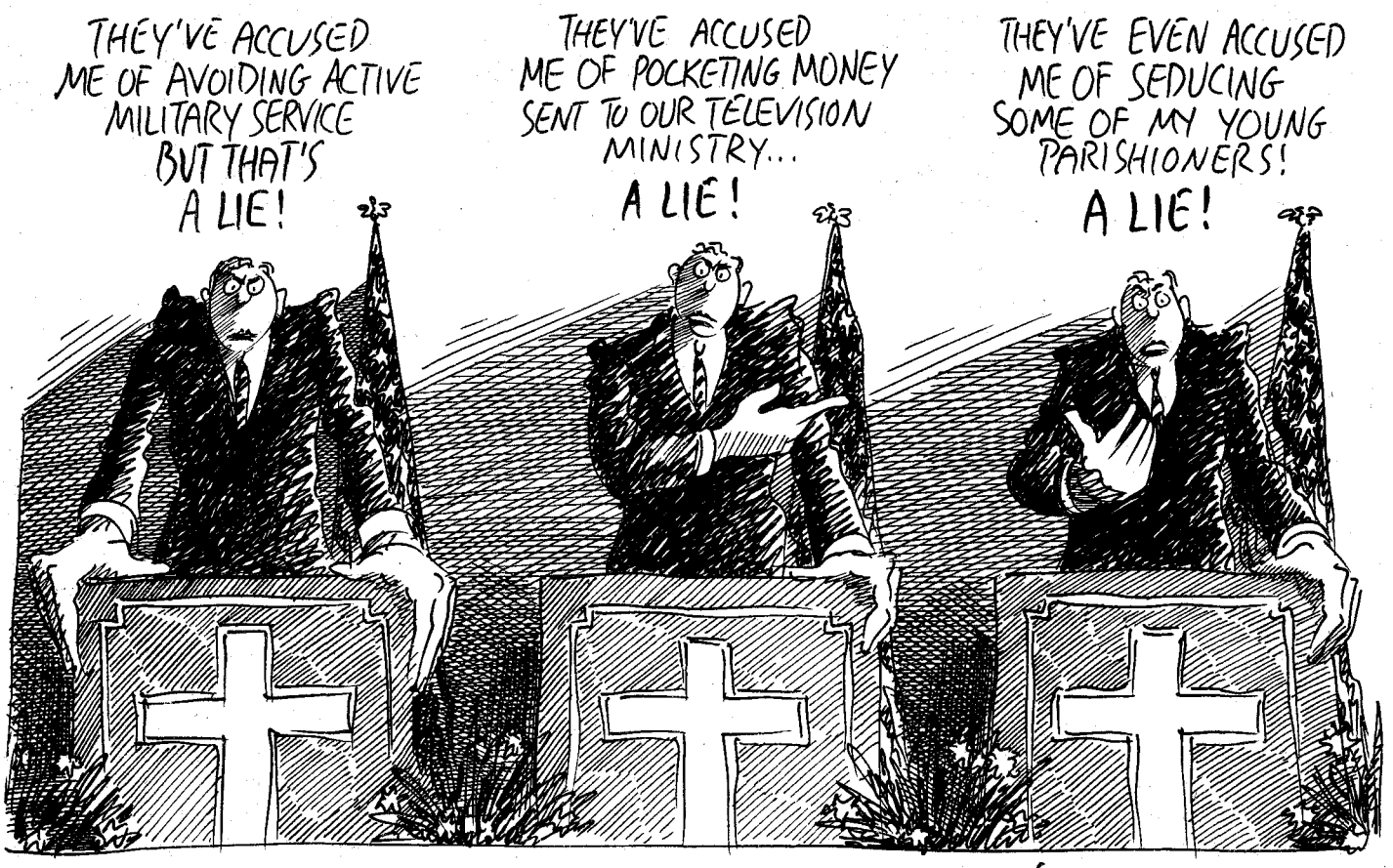
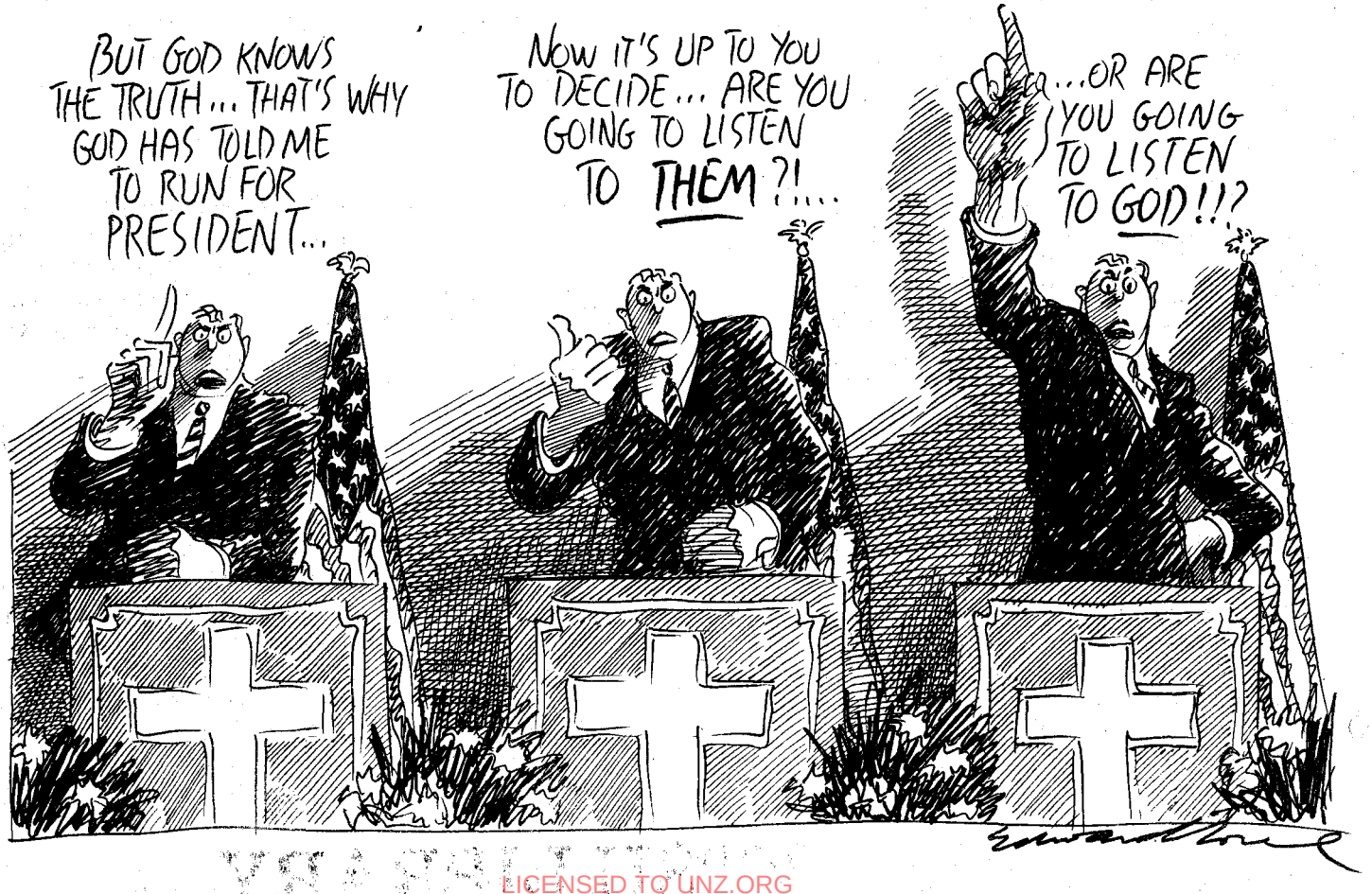

THEY'VE ACCUSED ME OF AVOIDING ACTIVE MILITARY SERVICE BUT THAT'S A LIE!
THEY'VE ACCUSED ME OF POCKETING MONEY SENT TO OUR TELEVISION MINISTRY... A LIE!
THEY'VE EVEN ACCUSED ME OF SEDUCING SOME OF MY YOUNG PARISHIONERS! A LIE!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NOW IT'S UP TO YOU TO DECIDE... ARE YOU GOING TO LISTEN TO THEM?!...
...OR ARE YOU GOING TO LISTEN TO GOD!!?

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MINORITY REPORT.

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

It was, on the face of it, rather difficult to find anything objectionable in Pat Robertson's rally at Constitution Hall. The entire evening, like most of Robertson's current flirtation with the electorate, was more an occasion for pitying mirth than for apprehension. One had only to look at the peerlessly fatuous face of an Oral Roberts, for example, to realize that the human race must be the product of evolution. None but the most heartlessly irresponsible deity would have "created" him like that, or filled his mouth with the strangulated nonsense to which he treated the crowd. It was also amusing, in a slightly awful way, to hear speaker after speaker—I particularly liked the unintentional sauciness of the star of *Annie*—as they depicted America as a drug-sodden, demoralized wilderness, filled with people "hurting and hungry like never before." All this after six years of the fabled Reagan revolution?

True, there was something vaguely sinister about the sexlessness of the Victory Singers as they beamed through their patriotic medley and shamelessly appropriated "This Land Is Your Land." And I can't say I much care for the upflung hand salute with which enthusiasts make the "Praise the Lord" sign. The fixity of the grins can get you down, as can the Dale Carnegie rhetoric. But, in general, the suffocating corniness has the effect of deflating any drama.

However, there *is* something frightening about stupidity; more especially, about stupidity in its mass, organized form. I spent much of the time facing the audience, and it was disturbing to see the rows and rows of faces lit only by credulity. One wonders how much they know of "Pat's" theology, as opposed to his trite invocations of family values.

The man who drew the job of introducing Robertson to the throng was Harald Bredesen. Probably very few of those who watched this character recognized him as Ronald Reagan's adviser on Armageddon. Bredesen is a more versatile chap than his appearance suggests. He is a self-defined "evangelical-charismatic," with alleged Pentecostal powers to speak in tongues. In 1970, accompanied by his co-thinker George Otis, he visited Reagan in Sacramento for a soul session. While Otis prophesied his accession to the Presidency, the ghastly old thespian's arms "shook and pulsated" with the Holy Spirit. Wish I'd been there.

But there I go again, looking on the funny side. How amusing is it, really, that a well-funded and organized campaign is getting under way, led by a man who believes that we are approaching the End of Days? Robertson may try to squirm away from the question at press conferences, but he has gone repeatedly and unambiguously on the record about this. He maintains that the prophetic eschatology of the Book of Ezekiel is being fulfilled in today's Middle East and that we are squaring off for the final battle. Some people have said defensively that Robertson, unlike Jerry Falwell and Bailey Smith, is not given to attacking the Jews as infidels. True. All Robertson says is that all Jews who do not convert in time will be destroyed by the coming of the Lord. In the meantime, their sole purpose is to vindicate biblical injunctions by expanding from the Nile to the Euphrates and beckoning on a global holocaust. (If you think I exaggerate even slightly, look up Grace Halsell's new book, *Prophecy and Politics*, or write to Suite 601, 1424 16th Street, N.W., Washington, DC 20036 and ask for Jim Castelli's pamphlet "Pat Robertson: Extremist.")

In a book with the limpidly brilliant title of *Answers to 200 of Life's Most Probing Questions*, Robertson writes: "Those who refuse to accept Christ will grow worse and worse in their wickedness. It will become increasingly difficult for the church and the world to coexist." Coupled with mounting sinfulness, he argues, is an expansion of "computers to monitor the behavior of populations and to control all of the world's money. These developments are fulfilling biblical prophecies. This tells me that we are getting very close to the time when God is going to say that the human race has gone far enough. He may be ready to step in to terminate this phase of human activity." There is more along those lines, culminating in the fantastic notion that microchips and electronic banking could make it easier to "fulfill what Revelation says: that people could not buy or sell without the mark of the Beast." "Pat" argues, with complete seriousness, that the numbers 666 will soon be stamped on the hand and forehead of every person on earth, but he urges people to cheer up because the reign of the Antichrist is the antechamber to the reign of people like himself.

Admittedly, the only concrete result of this flat-out, barking, foaming lunacy so far is a decline in the electoral prospects of Jack Kemp. So there may be a solid case for complacency. But it might also be wise to pay more attention to the workings of the irrational in our political life. As the year 2000 approaches, it is a safe bet that we will be treated to more superstition and barbarism of the Robertson sort, and that other unscrupulous demagogues will try to canalize the fears and doubts of those who have been let down by the education system. A few years ago secular Israelis scoffed at the crackpots and cretins who called for a religious state and a holy war. Now they don't scoff. Robertson and his kind are the direct allies—political and financial—of those crackpots and cretins. They bear watching.

Another thing that bears watching is the gradual infiltration of Robertson's ideas into the Reagan Administration. The Secretary of Education, William Bennett, is an honored guest on *The 700 Club* and has appointed the most primitive fundamentalists to positions of influence in his department. William Rehnquist's view of the role of the Supreme Court might have been scripted by Robertson on an off day. Edwin Meese's view of public morality is borrowed from the fallacious antipornographer Tim LaHaye, whose wife, Beverley, spoke at Constitution Hall for Robertson's candidacy. Of course it would be appalling if a man like Robertson got his pudgy finger on the button. But what if the button is already being fingered by a man who thinks Robertson is full of the right stuff?

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ARTICLES.

REPORTING CHINESE REFORM

U.S. Press Cuts Hundred Flowers

CLAY STEINMAN

Beijing

The comfort of coherence is such a pleasure that it can beguile people into passing off or accepting all sorts of zany ideas as truth. We have seen this recently in some of the reporting by the U.S. press on the revival of the Hundred Flowers movement in China.

The movement became prominent in the Chinese press in May, the thirtieth anniversary of the proclamation of the policy named for the ancient Chinese slogan, "Let a hundred flowers bloom; let a hundred schools of thought contend." The year 1956 was a turbulent one for international Communism. Nikita Khrushchev delivered his secret speech on Stalin's terror; there were riots in Poland and counterrevolution and revolt in Hungary. That January, Zhou Enlai told China's party leaders that the country's modernization program needed more active participation from scientists and other intellectuals. Ostensibly to encourage this, party leaders endorsed the so-called two-hundreds policy (from a hundred flowers, a hundred schools) the following month. Mao Zedong added his support in May.

Whatever its purpose, the more open atmosphere brought to the surface previously repressed tensions and contradictions. Within the party, Mao's opponents began attacking autocracy. Outside, people who for years had held their tongues excoriated the Communists' hegemony over political life. By May 1957, Mao was telling party officials, "We shall let the rightists run amok for a time and let them reach their climax. The more they run amok, the better for us." According to most accounts, the "antirightist" counterattack began in earnest in June. "If we don't win this battle, it will be impossible to attain socialism and there may even be some danger of a 'Hungarian Incident,'" Mao wrote to the party's Central Committee at the time. Tens of thousands, perhaps hundreds of thousands, were painted as rightists and lost their jobs. In many cases they lost their freedom. In some they lost their lives.

The memory of those events is still sharp in China, even among those too young to have known them firsthand. The old "rightists" ride high now, and their versions of what happened are considerably more complicated than even the most detailed Western history I can find. But many people remember that the antirightist campaign bludgeoned academic inquiry, which was as free as it ever had been in China, and that as a result it stifled the economic and social development that creative research could have aided. A similar fate befell the arts. However, because people also remember that something good happened in 1956, they are raising its banner again, thirty years later.

Political elites throughout the party and the government are encouraging a freer intellectual atmosphere and, as a consequence, criticism of the activities of party and government officials. But the encouragement comes in fits and starts, and no one in power seems interested in challenges to the party's right and power to rule in the people's name. Yet, like their predecessors, today's leaders may soon release forces stronger, more vocal and more radical than they anticipate. Already academics, artists, scientists, even military leaders, have been appealing for laws to protect their rights to criticize and act without threat of condemnation. And although some Chinese may fear this second two-hundreds period will come to a bad end, I have the sense that many believe the country has begun to move toward a more democratic form of political life.

The Chinese press was full of articles suggesting this development. A few quotations convey the tenor of the stories:

§ "Should the views of leading cadres be considered the ultimate truth? The answer is no. A leader's opinion is just one among many." (*Guangming Daily*, China's cultural newspaper)

§ "Without socialist democracy, there can be no modernization. . . . Socialist democracy should give the people the right to criticize and supervise. The people must abandon feudal ideas of blind obedience to authority and study the country's problems and needs. They should prepare themselves to act as masters of the country." (Front-page editorial, *People's Daily*, newspaper of the Communist Party of China)

§ "People with different ideas should be allowed to have reservations. The principle of a minority submitting to the majority is not applicable in such cases." (*People's Daily*)

Also published in the *People's Daily* in May was an interview with Wang Meng, whose 1956 novella, *The New Man in the Organization Department*, was labeled rightist soon after it was published. Wang had attacked bureaucracy in his work, and for that, he told the *Beijing Review* recently, "I was sent to political hell and had to stop writing for almost twenty years." Wang said the revival of the two-hundreds policy was "a matter of life and death" for him. "Because of it," he said, "my literary life has been revived and my search for artistic fulfillment has become possible."

Reading two of the major Western sources on China, John F. Burns of *The New York Times* and James Sterba of *The Wall Street Journal*, one gets an entirely different impression of the revived two-hundreds movement. Unfortunately, their work seems to be typical of much of the daily reporting about China in the West.

Burns wrote an article about the movement on June 16.

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The Associated Press and Reuters had already reported the story, drawing on the Chinese press and interviews with Western diplomats. Burns based his work on similar sources, though he also interviewed at least one Chinese intellectual, a "Peking university professor whose experiments in free speech during the 1957 campaign earned years of harassment."

As Burns tells it, the professor said that "he and many of his friends were 'profoundly grateful' for the much wider academic freedoms that have developed" under Deng Xiaoping, the Chinese leader. Another quotation from the professor provides the tag line for the piece: "'But when the party speaks of a "hundred flowers," we are cautious,' he said. 'There are memories that do not fade.'"

Burns is a fine writer, and the closing quotation dovetails neatly with the end of the article's lead: "The slogan . . . continues to chill many of those punished for speaking out thirty years ago." Burns's deftness, however, should not obscure his sleight of hand. The article has no interviews with the many people here who are excited about the campaign, and it ignores the genuine intellectual ferment that exists.

Two weeks before Burns's article appeared, *The Wall Street Journal* published Sterba's piece, headlined "Burned in Prior Free-Speech Movement, Chinese Doubt '100 Flowers' Campaign." Its lead: "The latest goose bump on China's road to rationality has all the earmarks of a cruel hoax." In addition to quotations from published reports—none of which support the lead—and the usual diplomatic spokespersons, the only sources Sterba cites on the overall situation are Chinese "intellectuals who survived the first [Hundred Flowers campaign]—some by pretending for a quarter century, for example, that they didn't speak English." Those people "are hesitant, to say the least," writes Sterba. "And some of them are cynical in their analyses of why the regime of Deng Xiaoping is trying it again under the same name."

Sterba gives us two analyses based on these cynics' observations, one of them as farfetched as any I have seen:

> The right-leaning Dengists are facing increasing political resistance to their economic-reform program from the Maoist left and are trying to gauge that faction's power. If the leftist flowers bloom in abundance, they think, a new purge may be necessary.

That manages to turn the very people arguing for more openness—many of whom were themselves victims of purges—into their opposite. And it assumes there is a conspiracy of hundreds, thousands, of people, speaking, writing, attending conferences and talking about increasing their own rights to speak and write more freely as a ploy to take away the rights of others.

Sterba admits that this is a "minority view." Another view, he says, is that the leadership wants economists on its side to help raise urban residents' rent from 3 percent of their income "to 30 percent without resistance." He doesn't say that such an increase is no more than a rumor, but he does manage to construct an argument that, like the first one, rests on the assumption that the Chinese leaders are out to fool the people. The most generous explanation he offers is that "the leadership truly invites contentiousness because it really doesn't know what to do next." He concludes:

> Premier Zhao Ziyang has said that 1986 is a year of consolidation. Lots of China-watchers say that means the government is trying to figure out what to do next. A new Hundred Flowers campaign is, in some ways, a fishing expedition. But, so far, it has been a highly orchestrated one.

There is as little support in the article for the last line as there is for the lead. On June 16, *Newsweek* ran a more favorable article in its international edition, titled "100 Flowers Return: China's writers, artists and musicians are enjoying a new burst of freedom." Nonetheless, it is another piece of embassy journalism: not only do the main analyses come from Western diplomats, but the only person of Chinese descent allowed to speak at any length about the overall situation is Bette Bao Lord, the novelist who is married to the U.S. Ambassador here. *Time*'s coverage for July 14 was little better.

Altogether it is fair to say that consumers of the U.S.-based media are routinely permitted to hear Chinese voices only if they accord with the preconceptions of the reporters, who are occasionally fair but rarely empathetic. Readers are denied the views of Chinese who may be critical of the party or the government yet who are committed to the struggle for socialist democracy and do not think their leaders liars or fools. The blind spots of these omniscient narrators of the commercial media favor the antisocialist viewpoints of the powerful at home.

Accepting only what fits preconceptions, the Western writers I've read on the new Hundred Flowers movement miss what I think is a more useful, and more complicated, analysis: that the government's rhetoric of democracy and

DRAWINGS BY FRANCES JETTER

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NATION REPRINTS

The Selling of Miss Liberty

The article that broke the story. Roberta Brandes Gratz and Eric Fettmann reveal how major corporations, under the direction of Lee Iacocca, took over the statue restoration for publicity and profit, mismanaged the project and excluded the American public. *(November 7, 1985)*

K.A.L. 007: What the U.S. Knew And When We Knew It

This issue raises serious questions about the U.S. role in the downing of Korean Air Lines Flight 007. Author David Pearson's study argues that U.S. authorities at the highest level knew the airliner was off course much earlier than they have admitted, and that the questions raised by the official versions of the story can only be resolved by a Congressional inquiry. *(August 18/25, 1984)*

K.A.L. 007: Unanswered Questions

This issue brings our 1984 report up to date. With contributions by David Pearson, John Keppel and David Corn, it is the culmination of an intensive investigation. The authors analyze new Japanese radar data, discuss a Nation Institute–sponsored review, by aviation experts, of the final airline transmission and describe the government's efforts to obstruct investigation. *(August 17/24, 1985)*

Central America

This special issue on Central America offers a strong refutation of Reagan Administration views. Highlighted by Walter LaFeber's overview, William LeoGrande's analysis of the domestic political fallout and Peter Davis's compelling firsthand report on the Nicaraguan revolution, the issue is one of the most urgent, informative and important in *The Nation's* history. *(January 28, 1984)*

Reflections on a Glass House: The U.N. at 40

Nine scholars and activists provide an examination of the United Nation's achievements and failures. They assess the organization's role in disarmament, Middle East negotiations and in relations between the developed countries and the Third World. A much-needed rebuttal to U.N. opponents' arguments. *(September 21, 1985)*

The Education Wars

Teachers, education watchers, journalists and scholars join forces to retake much of the ground recently occupied by Reagan's National Commission on Excellence in Education. With its healthy mix of policy issues and practical matters, "The Education Wars" is indispensable to anyone with a stake in the continuing battle over our schools. *(May 25, 1985)*

Many Bhopals: Technology Out of Control

Robert Engler reveals that the dangerous dependence on pesticides and the movement away from people-intensive agriculture results from corporate profit-making strategies. The Bhopal disaster is one of countless poisonings occurring each year, here and in the Third World, under an irresponsible scientific-corporate elite. *(April 27, 1985)*

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intellectual integrity is genuine, but that it reflects the intellectual elitism here. The flowers are artists and cultural critics; the schools of thought, those of academics, especially scientists. No one speaks openly for the rights of the people. Yet as John King Fairbank argues in "Self-Expression in China," an essay in the anthology *The China Difference*, the individual freedoms we Westerners find basic are not part of Chinese culture and never have been.

At this juncture, the Hundred Flowers movement is growing, belying theories that it is a cruel hoax. Wang Meng was named Minister of Culture in July. An article in the *People's Daily* in August concluded by saying: "Theoretical debate is a guarantee of the victory of truth against falsehood. Coercive measures to solve ideological problems are actually expressions of weakness." The situation could change, but the U.S. reporting thus far has nipped the Hundred Flowers in the bud. □

THE LIBRARY AS EMPORIUM

Commercializing Information

ANITA R. SCHILLER AND HERBERT I. SCHILLER

In March a small number of readers staged sit-ins at the main reading room of the Library of Congress. They were protesting early closing hours, imposed because of severe budget cutbacks. The incident received national media attention, and rightly so. A related struggle, for similar though broader goals, has gone relatively unnoticed, however. It pits the fundamental mission of American libraries—to insure free access to information—against the interests of the private information suppliers and their advocates in government.

The commercialization of information, the growth of a powerful private information sector engaged in its purchase and sale, has become a dominant feature of the U.S. economy. The amount of specialized data required to maintain a global system of production and distribution continues to expand. Many of the enterprises that have emerged to service the worldwide business system are heavily dependent on information. All the power centers of the nation—the transnational corporations, the Federal bureaucracies, the Pentagon and the leading universities—regard information as vital to their operations. But the trend toward greater commercialization of knowledge is restricting access to those with the ability to pay. Government orders aimed at removing huge quantities of information from the public domain and

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transferring basic informational functions from the government to the private sector have accelerated that process.

A conflict is taking place in two main arenas: inside the library system, where a combination of forces is weakening the traditional function of providing free, public access; and outside it, where private interests are seeking to capture the information stockpiles built up by government-sponsored research and data collection.

If current trends continue, the nation's libraries will become information emporiums, selling a commodity to those who can afford it. That development will undermine the democratic principle of equal access. As the White House Conference on Library and Information Services declared back in 1979:

> Information in a free society is a basic right of any individual, essential for all persons, at all age levels, and all economic and social levels. . . . all persons should have free access without charge or fee to the individual, to information in public and publicly supported libraries.

Threatening that laudable aim are a number of developments. A deluge of information, the result of multibillion-dollar government expenditures over the past forty years for research and development, has created an urgent need for more efficient processing, storage, retrieval and dissemination. Increasingly sophisticated communications and data processing equipment provide the technology to meet this need. And private industry is briskly positioning itself to become the chief organizer of the nation's information supply.

As processed data and selectively produced information have acquired monetary value, information companies have rapidly increased their resources and influence. Approximately 3,169 data bases are now available through 486 on-line services worldwide, and the number is growing at a rate of 35 percent a year. Most of them are privately owned by U.S. companies, which, as in any other business, obtain the raw material, process it and sell the finished product at a profit.

How does the growing commercialization of information affect the nation's libraries, especially the big institutions? Ten years ago Lee Burchinal, then director of the division of science information of the National Science Foundation, made an assessment that is still pertinent. The driving forces behind the changes taking place in libraries, he said, are the "substitution of [a] nonprint form of distribution" for the existing system and the "extensive use of outside services for accessing large remote sources of needed information." He concluded by saying, "In effect, libraries and their on-line service-suppliers are following the lead of other industries." They are being put in the position of acting as adjuncts to, and facilitators for, the commercial information industry.

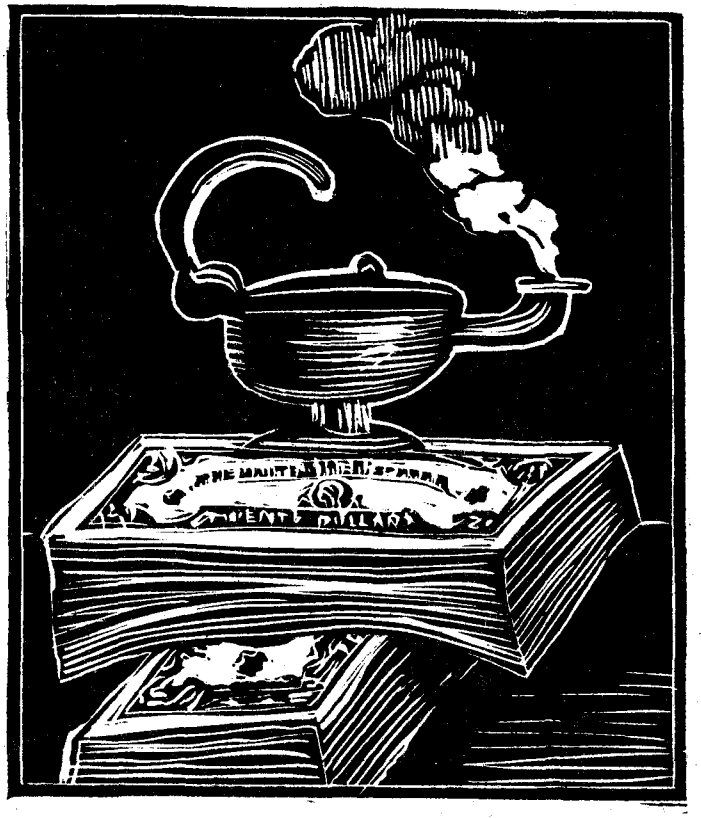
To cope with the greatly expanded information output and demand, administrators of big libraries have moved, with varying degrees of enthusiasm, to introduce new electronic equipment. Once the technology is installed, the systems are hooked up to the information industry's privately owned and managed data services—bibliographic files, data bases, document-delivery systems and so on. Roger Summit, president of Dialog Information Services, a subsidiary of the Lockheed Corporation and the largest U.S. data base provider, offering more than 250 on-line data bases, reports: "I think every major university in the country, if not in the world, has a Dialog account. . . . Every library school . . . uses Dialog under our classroom instruction program."

As a result libraries, already strapped financially, are becoming fee-for-service operations. The average data base search at a university library, according to a recent estimate, costs $12; more comprehensive searches can run to several hundred dollars. Commercial practices—such as levying users' fees, purchasing access to data bases from private vendors and contracting out traditional functions to private firms—have become routine. Thus, the distinction between libraries and commercial enterprises diminishes. The library's vital social role also diminishes.

Because of these commercial pressures, an entirely new means of information distribution is by no means a fanciful prospect. The widespread acquisition of personal computers by the middle class could eventually allow the private information industry to bypass libraries altogether. Information is already being dispensed by private "professionals" and may increasingly be made available directly to end-users who can afford it.

Some educators are even wondering whether there is a need for library schools. Who needs librarians if information can be supplied by private businesses, unencumbered by concern for the public good? The opaque word "disintermediation" has been coined to describe the process by which librarians would be eliminated.

It should be noted that some technological developments in information collection and dissemination could benefit the public. One of those is the compact disc read-only



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memory (CD-ROM), which can store huge amounts of information. Individual libraries could acquire the discs, which offer the possibility of decentralized public access. Yet the transformation of libraries does not involve merely the introduction of technology. Accompanying the new electronic techniques is a new set of social arrangements. These, in conjunction with the pressure exerted by private interests and the current conservative fiscal policies, will introduce the mechanics of the marketplace into what has traditionally been an institution dedicated to circulating knowledge as a public good.

In acquiring data bases Dialog, for example, is guided primarily by considerations of private gain; in contrast, libraries seek the widest public good by accumulating as large a storehouse of the world's knowledge as possible within the constraints of their limited resources. As Roger Summit told the trade journal *Information Today*, "We can't afford an investment in data bases that are not going to earn their keep and pay back their development costs." Asked what areas currently are not paying their development costs, he replied, "Humanities."

Under the Reagan Administration the objectives and demands of the information industry are regarded as the nation's priorities as well. Legislation and executive orders, such as the Paperwork Reduction Act of 1980; the Office of Management and Budget's Circular A-130 on the Management of Federal Information Resources, published last year; and the updated Circular A-76, dating back to the mid-1960s, encourage the use of private contractors for all kinds of government functions. These are but a few of the measures that have been instituted to establish the primacy of market values in decision-making on information matters, or that instruct government agencies to yield their data to private firms. When the Department of Commerce recently announced its intention to privatize the National Technical Information Service, a clearinghouse for the collection of scientific, technical and engineering information, it asked for comments not on the desirability of privatization itself, which was considered a settled issue, but on what form it might take.

The service's collection of scientific reports and studies from 2,000 sources, both U.S. and foreign, includes an archive of more than 1.6 million titles, which are kept available to scholars and the general public. If privatized, there is no assurance that the flow of materials into the archive would continue, that foreign information would still be available, that infrequently purchased reports would be stockpiled and that government-produced information would not be copyrighted.

How deeply commercialization has already penetrated the public sphere is reflected in an extraordinary statement of concern issued in January 1985 by the Council on Library Resources, a thirty-year-old organization supported by the Ford Foundation. The council declared:

> Ways must be found to assure continuing attention for those aspects of culture and learning that are important but, in a commercial sense, not necessarily in fashion. . . . Uncritical adherence to the concept of information as a commodity will distort the agendas of institutions and disciplines alike. . . . It is certain that the information needs of society cannot be defined by the marketplace alone.

That statement was endorsed by the Association of Research Libraries, whose members include major institutions in the United States and Canada. The association added its own warning about the Federal government's "tendency to rely too heavily on commercial organizations to distribute government information."

In January the Commission on Freedom and Equality of Access to Information, a panel of individuals from a variety of disciplines, appointed in 1983 by the president of the American Library Association, presented a report to the Council of the American Library Association detailing the extent of what it called the Administration's "determined effort to limit and control the flow of information from the federal government." It continued:

> This has included reductions in the support of federal statistical and information-gathering programs, decreases in government publishing programs and increases in the price of government publications, stricter and broader programs for classification of government documents, requirements that government employees sign contracts allowing the government to censor whatever they write for publication for the rest of their lives, limitations on contacts with the press and narrowing of the Freedom of Information Act.

Testifying before a House Appropriations subcommittee in March, the director of the Washington Office of the American Library Association sharply criticized budget cutting measures that have limited the public's access to basic Congressional papers, citing the proposed closure of the House and Senate Document Rooms; the drastic reduction in the number of copies of bills, reports and committee-hearing transcripts, which have made those materials practically unavailable to the general public; and the significant increase in the price of government materials, which has put them out of reach for all but corporations and wealthy individuals. As a result of the public outcry, several of those measures were made less stringent.

Daniel Boorstin, the Librarian of Congress, told the same committee that the cuts imposed on the nation's greatest library could be compared to "the burning of the ancient library of Alexandria in Egypt." He said, "Historians will not fail to note that a people who could spend $300 billion on their defense would not spend $18 million on their knowledge—and could not even keep their libraries open in the evening." Here also, widespread public indignation prompted the Administration to restore some of the funds, for the time being.

In his book, *Information Payoff*, Paul Strassman, a former vice president of Xerox, wrote that in the future "all institutions will be shaped by questions of ownership and control of knowledge." The future is here. If the commodification of information, along with government action to encourage further privatization and limitation of the public's right to know, are to be resisted and overcome, there must be political discussion and action on a national

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scale. Failing that, democratic governance itself is an endangered species. □

THE LESSON OF MON VALLEY

Get Them Before They Get You

SID PLOTKIN AND BILL SCHEUERMAN

The American steel industry has all but collapsed. Its giant, U.S. Steel, has become the generic-sounding USX Corporation; L.T.V., the number-two producer, and Wheeling-Pittsburgh, number seven, have gone bankrupt, while number three, Bethlehem, and number five, Armco, teeter on the brink. The struggle between the United Steelworkers and USX goes almost unnoticed in the press. Since mid-1984 employment in steel has dropped from 248,000 to 185,000, and progressive efforts to stop the razing of facilities, such as the giant Dorothy Six blast furnace, have failed [see David Morse, "The Campaign to Save Dorothy Six," *The Nation*, September 7, 1985].

But in the Monongahela Valley, members of the Tri-State Conference on Steel, progressives, workers, union leaders, clergy and elected officials, continue to battle for the region's economic future. Their most successful effort to date has been the establishment of a Steel Valley Authority (S.V.A.) as the mechanism for social planning and for the development of a leaner, publicly accountable steel industry.

In January the Pennsylvania Legislature agreed to charter the S.V.A., implicitly giving it the power of eminent domain to take over plants by compensating their owners. Father Garrett Dorsey, chair of Tri-State, explains, "When the great corporate center of Pittsburgh shrugs its shoulders, when the financial center of Pittsburgh shrugs its shoulders, you need some public intervention to encourage and promote industry and growth for employment and jobs."

Nine municipalities have already endorsed the S.V.A., including the city of Pittsburgh, which has committed $50,000 in seed money. Supporters of the project compare it to the Tennessee Valley Authority, and envision it supplying the area's need for steel to rebuild roads, bridges and tunnels.

The S.V.A. has already won an important victory. In the battle to prevent the closing of Pittsburgh's WABCO and Union Switch and Signal, the Federal District Court of Western Pennsylvania affirmed the S.V.A.'s right to condemn properties for the public good. The court refused, however, to prohibit companies from removing equipment from the plants at this time, presenting another challenge to the S.V.A., which lacks the funds even to pay owners for their property. S.V.A. has appealed the court's decision.

To solve that problem, Tri-State planners have proposed the Industrial Capital Fund. State grants would serve as seed money to attract investment capital from other sources, such as union pension funds and socially responsible investors. According to a Tri-State representative, "The funds would have mechanisms to allow community control and would be targeted at projects that would save jobs being destroyed by disinvestment." Although a bill has not yet been introduced, the Pennsylvania Legislature has discussed the capital-fund idea. Tri-State expects to generate statewide backing for the plan by organizing town meetings about the effects of deindustrialization. It has scheduled a rally to take place at the State Capitol in Harrisburg early next spring. The Pennsylvania A.F.L.-C.I.O. has recently endorsed the capital fund in principle.

The S.V.A.'s proponents have no illusions about the project's ability to restore Pittsburgh steel to its former prominence. They recognize that, in the words of Bob Erickson, a Tri-State board member, "it's not going to put a hundred thousand people back to work." A significant opportunity to revitalize the industry was lost last year, during the battle for Dorothy Six. Tri-State had advocated linking the fight to save Dorothy, a blast furnace, with a "metals retention" plan for integrating the Homestead plant's finishing facilities with National Works' pipe-finishing mills in McKeesport. The finishing end, as Tri-State organizer Jay Weinberg points out, accounts for the bulk of profits and jobs in steel manufacturing. But the United Steelworkers took a narrower approach. After financing a feasibility study, the union decided Dorothy was a stand-alone opera-

Sid Plotkin is assistant professor of political science at Vassar College. His book Keep Out: The Struggle for Land Use Control *will be published by the University of California Press next spring. Bill Scheuerman is associate professor of political science at the State University of New York at Oswego and the author of* The Steel Crisis: The Economics and Politics of a Declining Industry *(Praeger).*

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tion. A new metals retention study is in the planning stages, although, as Father Dorsey notes, it is "three years too late in some ways."

Dorsey is right: the S.V.A. itself is late, but by much more than three years. It is a necessary but limited reaction to a massive and irreversible process of capital disinvestment. The real lesson of the Mon Valley is that communities can't rely on corporations to keep them alive. Investment must be subject to greater public control. The time to act is not when capital is about to flee but when its operations are profitable.

Workers, community activists and other progressives need to make community economic security a theme of the struggle to replace Reaganism with economic democracy. One important step would be to stabilize relations between local government and a city's large private employers—those, for example, that employ more than 250 workers. Most communities, hungry for jobs and tax revenues, see one another as economic rivals. Corporations successfully play off this rivalry, winning lots of privileges in the process. This competition must end. Cities must have the power to impose obligations on the companies to which they offer benefits. The contractual relationship between professional sports teams and municipalities could be a model for community relations with business, along the following lines.

A firm obtaining local subsidies—free or cheap land, utility rate discounts or tax abatements—would be required to sign a contract promising to maintain its operations in the city for a definite period, depending on the amount of the subsidy it received. A subsidy valued at between $100,000 and $250,000 might bring a ten-year residency requirement; the larger the subsidy the longer the time period.

If a company were to dishonor its contract by leaving or shutting down a substantial portion of its operations before the expiration date, it would be liable for the losses its departure would cause: reduced tax payments, increased welfare benefits, job-retraining costs. And for violating the public trust it would also have to pay damages, to be decided by a court. In addition, the company would be obligated to repay all public grants it had received, including tax abatements and the cost of any specially provided public utilities, land or educational services, plus interest at the prevailing rate. Finally, if a firm failed to make its payments to the local government, this amount would be credited to the city in takeover proceedings under eminent domain. The city would then be free to run the plant or to sell off its assets, with the proceeds going to a local community development corporation as investment capital for new enterprises.

Under this plan, municipal assistance would be converted from grants into long-term loans. Cities would receive not only the interest on the loans—in the form of jobs and increased tax revenue—but could eventually regain control of the principal, the value of the original grants. Corporations would have a legal obligation, enforceable in court, in exchange for the privilege of using public space, resources and facilities.

The approach suggested here depends on national action.

Q: *Who Should Shape a* ***Progressive Agenda?***

A: *A handful of progressive intellectuals?.....Or thousands of progressive activists?*

The Center for Democratic Alternatives has recently launched a newsletter/survey project, ***Progressive Agenda,*** aimed at involving thousands of progressive activists around the United States in discussion and choice about issues critical for a common agenda for the 1980s and 1990s. ***Participation in the project is free.***

The newsletter is published roughly 6-8 times a year. Each newsletter includes an analysis and presentation of two critical political or policy issues and separate surveys on those issues which we encourage reader/participants to fill out and return. Each newsletter also includes tabulations and analyses of the survey returns from two issues before.

We now have close to 2,000 reader/participants. We would like at least to double that number in order to begin to reflect the views of a full range of activists around the country.

Contents of Recent and Forthcoming Issues

Number 1	Full Employment vs. Income Support? What Ever Happened to National Health Insurance?
Number 2	Defense Budget "Freeze" or Cuts? Growth vs. No Growth?
Number 3	Redefining "Defense" Objectives Populism vs. Centrism?
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To make it work, Congress would have to withhold Federal development assistance from any local government that were to subsidize private firms without establishing the companies' legal obligations to the community. To limit international capital flight, companies abandoning their local responsibilities could be barred from U.S. markets, or at least from receiving government contracts.

The labor and community action movements must make the Democratic Party and Congress see the need for and the political value of community economic security. Our proposal is part of this effort. It is an attempt to think about how to set limits on corporate power by taking advantage of those benefits provided by cities, without which business cannot be conducted. It is a potential tool for limiting capital's ability to dictate the life and death of American cities and towns. As Bob Erickson of the Tri-State Conference notes, "Each time people begin to face the problem [of capital flight] they realize the old solutions don't work." The campaign to empower the Steel Valley Authority, coupled with the strategy suggested here, may help to create some new ones. □

Test Scores

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

Thomas Kean of New Jersey, and by business people, especially H. Ross Perot of Texas, has been centered largely on political efforts in the states to impose what are generally described as "tougher standards" on the elementary and secondary schools. These include measures by legislatures and state boards of education to mandate a longer school day; to make students do more homework; to institute more stringent high-school graduation requirements in academic subjects (from three to four years of English, from two to three years of mathematics, etc.); to demand that prospective teachers pass a minimum-competency test in English and math before they get their credentials; to bar high-school students with an academic average below C from participating in interscholastic sports and other extracurricular activities; to eliminate the bowdlerization of textbooks dealing with so-called controversial subjects, such as Darwinian evolution; to designate mentor teachers to reward especially capable people and use their skills to improve those of others; and, in general, to return to the "basics" in education. By May of 1984, barely thirteen months after his commission's warning, Secretary Bell, keeping the metaphor intact, described the movement as "a tidal wave of school reform which promises to renew American education."

What all this means in classroom practice, however, let alone what effects it will have on academic performance or society at large, is another matter. There is the usual ques-

Peter Schrag, the editor of the editorial page of The Sacramento Bee, *has written about education issues for many years.*

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'WERE THE ROSENBERGS FRAMED?'

This historic debate, which was sponsored by The Nation and The New Republic at New York City's Town Hall on October 20, 1983, has been described as "a political-literary brawl" (Los Angeles Times), at which "a cheering, jeering crowd of 1,500 followed every jab in a fight over history" (The Washington Post).

The main participants in the debate were: Walter Schneir and Miriam Schneir, authors, Invitation to an Inquest; Ronald Radosh and Joyce Milton, authors, and Sol Stern, research assistant, The Rosenberg File: A Search for the Truth; and Elizabeth Holtzman, moderator. There were also questions and comments from Michael Meeropol, Morton Sobell, Marshall Perlin, James Weinstein, Victor Navasky and others.

A complete record of this extraordinary event can now be purchased in transcript or cassette. Transcripts are available for $24 each; cassettes are $19 each. There are special discounts on orders of five or more. Send check or money order, payable to The Nation, to: "Rosenbergs," The Nation, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011 (a project of The Nation Institute).

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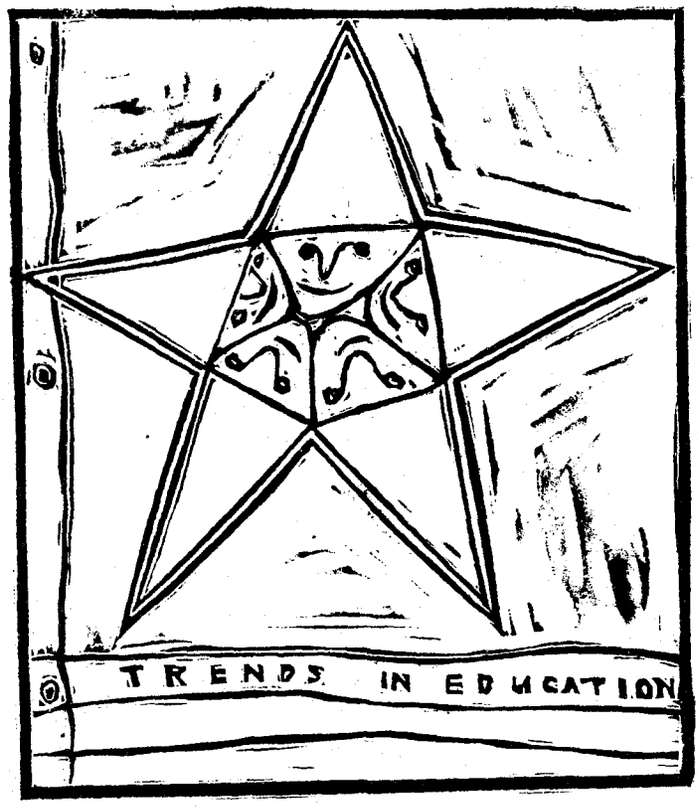
tion about whether test scores accurately measure academic proficiency, although it's hard to imagine a more reliable or objective device for ascertaining the performance of the school population as a whole. A more important question is whether the entire school program will be skewed in a frantic effort to raise test scores, ignoring those things—art, music, curiosity—that tests either measure poorly or don't measure at all. No one knows what the schools are putting inside those additional boxes marked "English" or "science" that the states have mandated; nor, in light of the shortage of qualified teachers, is there much ground for confidence that things will get better.

Because women, who constitute the vast majority of teachers, have so many more career alternatives than they had a generation ago, there is no longer the semicaptive labor market that once guaranteed the schools a pool of qualified people. According to the National Education Association, teachers' salaries have increased substantially in the past five years: the average salary is now $25,250, 14 percent higher in constant dollars than it was in 1980. Entering college freshmen show a new interest in teaching careers, and experienced teachers who left the field are returning. And because of the recent attention given to education, most school officials are convinced that morale in the classroom is improving. But none of those things have yet produced much promise that in the near future teachers as a group will not rank near the bottom of their college class in academic aptitude and achievement, as they do now, or that there will be enough qualified teachers—particularly in science and math—to replace the unusually large number who either will be retiring in the next five years or have permanently fled to private industry. The school day is a little longer and the number of required courses a little larger. But



in the average classroom, things seem to be going on pretty much the way they did five years ago. There is the same teacher talking at students; there is the same passive voice in the textbook; there are the same bored faces. To have the home economics instructor now teaching three years of math instead of two is hardly a major improvement.

The conclusion that the reforms have reversed the decline in the schools is in fact almost wholly myth. Nonetheless, the assertion has been made by, among others, Ronald Reagan that the recent upturn in SAT scores is evidence not only of the success of school reform but of the salutary educational effects of the conservative climate fostered by his Administration. Test scores have indeed been rising, but the claim that this happened because of the reforms is simply not true. Given the short time that has elapsed since this movement began, it would have been surprising if it was the catalyst.

The turnaround was occurring long before the reform movement got under way. Reports from various testing programs showed that academic achievement scores started to rise in the elementary schools in the late 1960s and have been rising ever since. In April the Congressional Budget Office published "Trends in Educational Achievement," a 165-page comprehensive but almost totally neglected review of academic achievement test scores, which indicates that the turnaround came not in the 1980s but with children born in 1962 or 1963. Beginning in the late 1960s, the report says, "it moved into the higher grades at a rate of roughly a grade per year as those birth cohorts aged, reaching the senior high schools in the late 1970s." With each cohort of children born after 1962, the improvements in test scores get a little larger. Nationally, on some tests children now in grades three to six—those born in the mid-1970s—are scoring at levels that are higher than they've been in thirty years. The report speculates that the reason the turnaround wasn't noticed earlier was because so much more attention was paid to tests at the high-school level, particularly SATs, which, after a twenty-year decline, only recently began to show improvement.

One has to be quite clear about this. While declining SAT scores among college-bound high-school seniors were drawing increased public attention in the 1970s, the improving scores for students in the lower grades during the same period were largely ignored. When the Congressional Budget Office's report came out, the education establishment was so deeply committed to the official line on the success of reforms that it paid little attention to the new findings. In part that's probably because a return to the basics fits comfortably with the general conservatism of an age in which the fundamentals of math and the fundamentals of traditional families are interchangeable. In part it's because "school reform" is providing a lot of new state money for the educators and a fair amount of new interest in education in the general community. Why spurn that?

The format of the report is as exciting as that of a crop forecast from the Department of Agriculture. But in the context of the current reform movement, its conclusions

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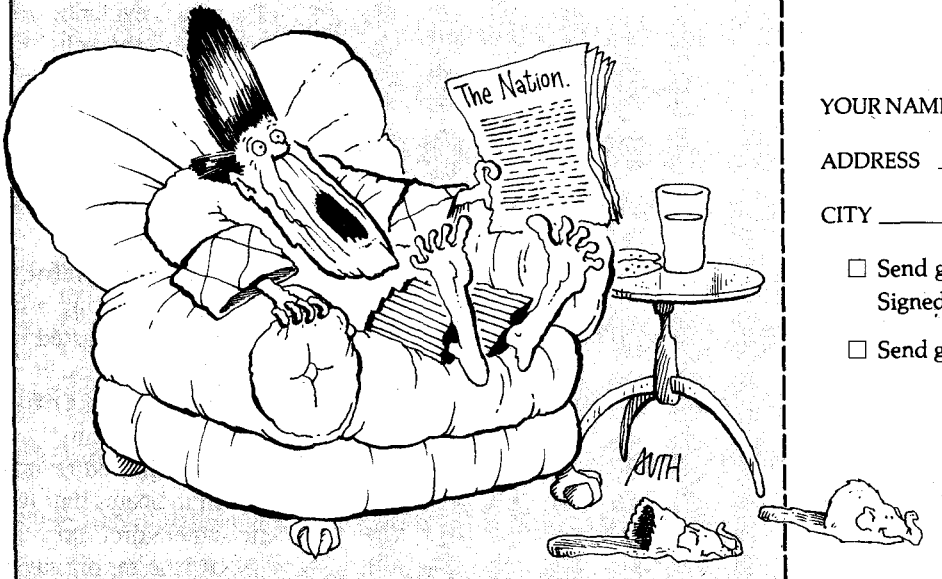
Surprise!!



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could hardly be more important. They are based on data from nearly all of the country's major academic testing programs, elementary and secondary, and although they show some variations, the curves are consistent. The results undercut some hoary theories, most significantly the conclusion that the permissiveness of the 1960s and 1970s—parental and scholastic—was the primary, if not the only, cause of the decline in academic performance in both the elementary and secondary schools, and that a re-emphasis on the basics was needed to reverse the trend.

Not that there isn't an element of truth in those theories. In many high schools, graduation requirements in core academic areas were indeed horribly diluted over the past fifteen years. When Dickens and Shakespeare give way in English classes to palaver about rock stars and television commercials, a price is paid; as a result, there has been a decline not only in average SAT scores but in the absolute numbers of those with high scores. But as William Turnbull, president of the Educational Testing Service, suggested last year, the lower standards may have been as much an attempt to accommodate less qualified students as they were a cause of the low scores on tests. Turnbull pointed out, as have others, that an important factor in the declining SAT scores was the larger proportion of students, and hence of marginal students, staying in school, aspiring to college and taking those tests.

However the confusion between cause and effect sorts itself out, the report makes clear that it wasn't the academic relativism and permissiveness of the late 1960s and the 1970s that caused the slide in the elementary schools, which by then had already run its course. Rather, the data strongly suggest—though the Congressional Budget Office never says it—that the cause may have been as much demographic as pedagogic. The findings reinforce perfectly the contention of researchers like R.B. Zajonc, a psychologist at the University of Michigan, that family size and configuration are determinants of academic performance. Among Zajonc's conclusions, published in the April 1976 issue of *Science*: intellectual performance of all children decreases with increasing family size; first children perform better on intelligence tests than later children when intervals between children are relatively short; and long intersibling spacing appears to cancel the negative effects of birth order. Put another way, the more children there are in the family and the closer they are in age, the lower their scores are likely to be.

When he published his article, Zajonc used his "confluence theory" not only to explain the decline in SAT scores but to predict the turnaround that first appeared in the early 1980s. The great slide began with the baby boom children born in the late 1940s and ended about fifteen years later, when the birth rate started to decline. The peak in SAT scores and the trough in elementary-school scores occurred within five years of each other.

But that's only part of the story. The Congressional Budget Office's data indicate that the improvements shown in the elementary grades haven't yet reached the high schools in anything close to the same magnitude, and may never do so. Although test scores for high-school seniors are rising, there are signs that the scores may never recover as much as have those in the lower grades, because improvement in more sophisticated intellectual operations—those demanding comprehension of concepts and application of basic skills to analyze and solve problems, which is to say the ability to think—is not nearly as pronounced as that in such elementary-school skills as decoding words and doing simple arithmetic operations. If that is the case, then still greater emphasis on what are conventionally understood to be the basics—rote learning, drill, homework for homework's sake—is neither appropriate nor necessary. Quite the contrary, as some teachers have long insisted, the emphasis on rote and drill may interfere with the development of the more sophisticated skills. (Significantly, the report found that declines in basic skills were never as great as those for more demanding problem-solving or conceptual operations, and that they reversed themselves more quickly.) Unfortunately, in the political arena the coincidental upturn in the test scores is likely to be used as evidence of the salutary effect of still more basics. Indeed, it already has. In California, Governor George Deukmejian's chief of staff recently tried to attribute a small increase in SAT scores first recorded in that state in 1983 to reform legislation that did not go into effect until 1984.

All of which is to say that while some problems may solve themselves, and probably already have, others won't. A return to a mythic golden age of schooling, which is what much of the current reform movement seems to call for, is hardly sufficient to create a truly effective school system. The reformers tend to forget that the schools were plagued with problems before the 1960s, that a generation ago they were under severe attack for almost precisely the same lack of academic vitality for which they are criticized now. They also forget that before the early 1950s, part of the golden age to which so many people seem implicitly to want to return, fewer than half the country's students finished high school and nobody worried very much about those who didn't or regarded them as evidence that the system was inadequate. The conservative reaction of the late 1940s and 1950s against what was left of John Dewey and progressive education came just as the elementary schools began the downward slide about which Secretary Bell's commission complained so fluently. That ought to counsel some humility. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

The Post-Lapsarian Eve

ANN SNITOW

SAINTS AND STRANGERS. *By Angela Carter. Viking. 126 pp. $13.95.*

Angela Carter, famous and much read in England, has come to American readers only piecemeal, almost as if American publishers see her as a wine that won't travel well. Demon fiction writer though she is, her first real U.S. *succès d'estime* was for her feminist study of the Marquis de Sade, *The Sadeian Woman: And the Ideology of Pornography*. I remember the puzzling reviews of that book when it came out here in 1979. Most were grudgingly admiring but, taken together, they gave contradictory accounts of what the book said, agreeing only that Carter had somehow become besotted with de Sade and had misunderstood what a bad, bad man (or what a sad, sad man) he really was. One was totally unprepared, then, for the book itself:

> Sade's work concerns the nature of sexual freedom and is of particular significance to women because of his refusal to see female sexuality in relation to its reproductive function, a refusal as unusual in the late eighteenth century as it is now.

In that year, in the United States, it was startling to hear a feminist voice so unapologetic for engaging the archenemy. *The Sadeian Woman* was misread for good reasons: It is a threatening book. Carter speculated in a number of unpleasant directions (can women be as monstrous as men?); she was flexible enough to contain opposites (an appreciation and a contempt for de Sade); and peremptory enough to read or willfully misread de Sade for her own subversive, emancipatory purposes. The book suggested a shameless and aggressively probing stance for a woman who would be the critic of male culture. It was phallic criticism consciously ironic about all phallic authority, and at its culminating moment it turned on its hero and excoriated him for making the mother figure in *Philosophy in the Boudoir* fall into a faint just before the moment of orgasm:

> He is as much afraid of freedom as the next man. So he makes her faint.
>
> He makes her faint because he can only conceive of freedom as existing in opposition, freedom as defined by tyranny.

Hardly besotted with de Sade, Carter is bitterly disappointed that freedom has no savor for him unless the prohibited woman is in chains, unconscious of her sexuality. Just when he seemed to Carter so close to being a revolutionary pornographer, one who can see that everyone, even the mother, is sexual, and that anyone can cross the boundaries of gender and taboo, he lapses into the myths common in most pornography, reinstating the old rigidity, reasserting the safe laws of transgression. How much does the concept of freedom depend on the pre-existence of prohibition? Carter tortures herself with this question in all her work. Meanwhile, to Carter's sorrow, the mother faints, the French Revolution fails, de Sade's freedom's just another word for naughty little boy.

No wonder the book caused consternation. It was an invention, a counterfiction to de Sade's, an intellectual interlude from a writer of extreme cunning who takes the imagination seriously as the place where we tell stories to ourselves and where we can best see—inside the form itself—the structure of our own rules.

Like most bad girls, Carter has a love/hate relationship to rules: she gives them their due, but defiantly demands a good time. Constantly at play, she writes fairy tales, Gothic horror stories, romances, phantasmagorical science fictions, allegories, fables—and her virtuosity at manipulating the laws of these conventional forms is dazzling. (She can skew them with irony or play them straight.) Reading a lot of Angela Carter at once is like being galloped on a child's hobbyhorse through the culture attic. You're choking on the fumes of greasepaint; you're startled as a bunch of waxwork Bluebeards, beasts and beauties blunder into you; you're tangled in string by some grand puppeteer who jerks you around, then cuts the connection, leaving you free to play with whatever toy you want. You wind one up. It's a gorgeous tableau of a terrible, deep forest, where the Wolf and Little Red Riding Hood couple in the glittering dark. The whole thing sparkles and revolves, then runs down.

For some readers, perhaps, once the mechanism winds to a halt, the whole illusion will evaporate like a midsummer night's dream. (In her new collection, Carter has written an exquisitely silly spoof of that play, full of concupiscent fairies with bad head colds.) Certainly, Carter runs the risk of the true littérateur: How to resist the temptations of virtuosity? In an introduction to a marvelous essay, "Sixties Style," in her collection of occasional pieces, *Nothing Sacred*, she disarms criticism by simply apologizing: "I note that [this essay] is over-written and over-literary, but a person can only walk the one way and that is the way I still walk." Love me as I am, and don't hold it against me if what you love melts at a touch; infinite variety is the best of a lover's tricks.

Sometimes called a pornographic writer, she is one only in a very special sense. Pleasure—and the fear that is so often pleasure's sauce—are her subjects, but the most exciting moments in her fiction are literary: the splendid verbal coups, the sensuous unfolding of the story line. She can write narrative turns of such beauty you fall in love with the romance itself—forget the princess. Each book is a fresh experiment in form and tone, a trip down the possible paths inherent in yet another style. Carter tries everything and I'm sure is indifferent to the fact that, inevitably, the results of so much freedom are uneven.

In general, I think her talent for decoration, for magic textures of color and light, works better in her stories than in her novels. Some Carter fans will disagree, particularly those who like their metafictions long. I see the novels I've read as stories that got out of hand. In one very fine one, *The Magic Toyshop*, for example, she writes of a cruel, brilliant uncle who makes children's toys, "He was too big and wicked to be true." This is so, and why not? But the wicked uncle is one of her windup toys, an evil totem she must drag the whole length of this otherwise psychologically suggestive book. Wooden and unexplained, he eventually becomes a dead weight. In the stories,

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violent men who jump out at young girls make more sense. They serve their single function, to set the blood beating so that Carter can get a clear reading on the agitated human heart.

Why is Carter telling fairy tales while Rome indulges in what she calls, in one of her always witty essays, "bed and circuses"? How are *her* circuses better than the ones she finds pusillanimous, dead or sad? What saves the books from being kitsch? Well, not much, sometimes. If you've no taste for the turns and twists and tricks of narrative for their own sake, Carter will pale on you too fast; you'll leave before she tells you her secrets. But secrets she has—sometimes as rich as her prose. By telling fairy tales, she chooses a fictional world ruled by the brutal economy of roles: pattern determines that little girls will run away and big wolves give chase. But the unconscious always erupts in a Carter story: Beauty falls in love with the beast *as a beast*; she doesn't want a prince. Neither freedom nor pleasure is rational or safe, though, ironically, both have their own determining structures.

To me, even the more clanking of Angela Carter's artifices seem poignant, perhaps because through one persona or another she keeps signaling the *Angst* of entrapment inside pattern. The pain in her best stories is the pain of a real toad in an imaginary garden. A few of her more realistic pieces from an early volume, *Fireworks*, are moving precisely because the narrator wants so much to be authentic, to feel directly, and suffers the fate of the ironic and self-conscious, the fate of alienation from anything simple or sentimental. Carter's sophistication is curse and blessing. She can't go naked, no matter how many layers she strips off; a postlapsarian Eve, she is infernally knowing.

In *Saints and Strangers*, her new collection, Carter gives of her very best. The opening story, about Lizzie Borden ("The Fall River Axe Murders"), is particularly beautiful in design and density. Carter assembles Lizzie's dreadful crime by picturing the Borden household at the moment before the family wakes on the fateful day in August 1892. In this atmosphere of unbearable immanence, Carter tours the sleeping house like an *hallucinée*. Her eyes like cameras, she witnesses each variable: the heat; Lizzie's menstrual blood; the experimental chemistry of unrefrigerated food; the circulation of boredom, madness and money; relevant snatches of the past represented by the sparse objects in this miserly house. She passes through the constriction of locked doors to observe the architecture of the patriarchal family: father Borden and his captive womenfolk, wife, daughter, maid, each half swooning in sweat and unremembered dreams.

But whenever this authorial omniscience seems too complete Carter draws back and reminds us of how she is straining to imagine these people. Explanations are all very well, but the author loses confidence as she gazes at an old photograph of Lizzie which "secretes mystery." Is Lizzie Borden utterly other—"as taut as the strings of a wind-harp from which random currents of the air pluck out tunes that are not our tunes"—or is she continuous with us, perhaps even a reasonable assassin, exacting a just retribution for the suppressed violence of her terrible, woman-wasting world? By the end, Carter has let us see the ax, and the reasons Lizzie uses it, but the act itself need hardly be mentioned since, by now, the rival intensities of knowledge and mystery are so impacted that *everything* in the story cuts.

Freud broods over a psychological study like this, not only as a source of explanation but equally as a source of myth. In another fine story here, "Peter and the Wolf," Carter conflates a Freudian reading of a fairy tale with a rediscovery of the tale's original mystery. The story hangs in the balance between the power of the unconscious and the analysis of that power; Carter's art lies in her refusal to finally tip the scale to one side or the other:

> A girl from a village on the lower slopes [of the Alps] left her widowed mother to marry a man who lived up in the empty places. Soon she was pregnant. In October, there was a severe storm. The old woman knew her daughter was near her time and waited for a message but none arrived. After the storm passed, the old woman went up to see for herself, taking her grown son with her because she was afraid.
>
> From a long way off, they saw no smoke rising from the chimney. . . . There were traces of wolf-dung on the floor so they knew wolves had been in the house but left the corpse of the young mother alone although of her baby nothing was left except some mess that showed it had been born. Nor was there a trace of the son-in-law but a gnawed foot in a boot.
>
> They wrapped the dead in a quilt and took it home with them.

Time passes; the old woman has other grandchildren, among them Peter who at age 7 is taken above the timber line to tend the goats. A pack of wolves appears, "the thing he had been taught most to fear," among them a filthy, hairy little girl, obviously his lost cousin. The family captures this "marvel . . . on all fours" and brings her down to the village. But her wildness is more terrible and absolute than they can encompass. In a frenzy she ruins the house, delivers a death wound to the grandmother and howls until the wolves rescue her in a marauding pack. Peter watches it all, including "the crevice of her girl-child's sex. . . . a view of a set of Chinese boxes of whorled flesh that seemed to open one upon another into herself, drawing him into an inner, secret place in which destination perpetually receded before him, his first, devastating, vertiginous intimation of infinity." After that, he turns to piety and books as a fence against the unknown. He studies until he is a "stranger" to the peasants of his village and they let him leave to become a priest.

Down he comes from the mountains of his trauma and meets his cousin once again as she comes to drink at dawn from the river. He reacquaints himself with the power of her animal freedom, the oneness and grace that come from a perfect unconsciousness. This was what he had longed for all these years of pious self-abasement: sex without guilt, mortality without fear. His cry of "visionary ecstasy" startles the wolf-woman, who runs off, leaving him to continue his journey: "but what would he do at the seminary, now? For now he knew there was nothing to be afraid of. He experienced the vertigo of freedom." Under a "cool, rational sun," he gives one last look at the exotic mountain fastnesses now flattened like views on picture post cards. No longer circumscribed by old country tales, Peter is marked instead by the knowledge of one who has descended from the superstitious wilderness "into a different story."

Carter never patronizes "the primitive, vast, magnificent, barren, unkind simplicity of the mountain." She sees through it, but often returns to it because, she says, "The Gothic tradition . . . retains a singular moral function—that of provoking unease." A rad-

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ical too rarely recognized by radicals, Carter insists that we count the power of the unconscious in our politics. If there are tyrants, she insists we examine our own hearts to find the unacknowledged place where we, too, love them. □

Academia Nuts

MAURICE ISSERMAN

NO IVORY TOWER: McCarthyism and the Universities. *By Ellen W. Schrecker. Oxford University Press. 437 pp. $20.95.*

Although I was not yet born when Joe McCarthy waved his first fistful of documents at the television cameras, I grew up in the kind of family where there was no doubt as to who were the good guys and who the villains of the 1950s. Years later I immersed myself in the historical literature on McCarthyism and learned how it derived from, variously, the ambitions of individual politicians, the exigencies of a particular moment in the history of the cold war, and the requirements of an emerging national security state. But I don't think I grasped the full meaning of McCarthyism until, in a distant corner of the library stacks, I chanced upon the complete records of the hearings conducted by the House Un-American Activities Committee from the 1930s until its demise in the 1960s. There stood thirty or forty feet of yellowing Government Printing Office pamphlets, representing tens of thousands of hours of testimony. How many Federal employees had devoted their working days to examining the publications of obscure organizations, or to sitting in automobiles outside meeting halls and private homes, or to listening in on telephone conversations, in order to justify the Committee's subpoenas? I had known, abstractly, how terrible McCarthyism was; what I had not understood until that moment was the sheer waste, the sheer nuttiness of the entire enterprise. All that effort, all that emotion and commotion spent so freely and for so long—and for what? For an aisle of crumbling documents, undisturbed by anyone except the occasional bemused graduate student.

Maurice Isserman teaches American history at Smith College. His book on the death of the old left and the birth of the New Left will be published next year by Basic Books.

Ellen Schrecker has made good use of those HUAC transcripts and other sources (including a dozen university archives, the papers of the American Association of University Professors, private manuscript collections, Federal Bureau of Investigation files and over a hundred personal interviews) to write *No Ivory Tower: McCarthyism and the Universities*. Her book demonstrates once again how McCarthyism was fed by the complicity of the institutions it chose as its targets. But during Hollywood's darkest days, the most craven movie producer could scarcely have surpassed the standard of intellectual capitulation set by the president of Yale University, who declared in 1949, "There will be no witch-hunts at Yale because there will be no witches. We do not intend to hire Communists." And consider the implications of the position taken by the president of the University of Michigan who recommended to the Board of Regents in 1953 that a recalcitrant HUAC witness on the Michigan faculty be fired from his tenured position because he was a "Communist in spirit" even though he had no formal political affiliations: "He has not by words or action indicated any disapproval of the Communist Party or of its actions, or has any action of his been reported which would be inconsistent with continued party membership." At the University of Michigan, as at most other institutions of higher learning, the guiding principle on the issue was guilty until proven innocent. The usual penalty imposed by the universities for failing to meet this exacting standard was unemployment. And the only way for those suspected of "disloyalty" to establish their innocence, according to the prevailing logic, was to point to the disloyalty of others.

Schrecker's thesis in *No Ivory Tower* is straightforward and disturbing:

> The extraordinary facility with which the academic establishment accommodated itself to the demands of the state may well be the most significant aspect of the academy's response to McCarthyism. . . . [The government] administered the first stage of McCarthyism, acting through the agency of

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> investigating committees and the FBI to identify political undesirables on campus. It let the universities handle the second stage and get rid of the targeted individuals. . . . The academy did not fight McCarthyism. It contributed to it. The dismissals, the blacklists, and above all the almost universal acceptance of the legitimacy of what the congressional committees and other official investigators were doing conferred respectability upon the most repressive elements of the anti-Communist crusade.

McCarthyism, Shrecker argues, was a process: it began with hysterical rhetoric and the glare of television lights at Congressional hearings. But it was the second, less publicized part of the process that carried the real sting. Here, punishments far more severe than any Joe McCarthy was capable of inflicting were meted out to dissenters in quiet, dignified tones by men who would have been shocked to have their names linked with that of the coarse demagogue from Wisconsin.

Part of the story Schrecker has to tell will be familiar to any student of McCarthyism, because the attack on the universities overlapped with some of the era's best-known investigations—those involving university-based China experts and nuclear physicists, with all their implications of treason and espionage in high places. In reality, no Communist or suspected Communist fired from a university in the 1940s and 1950s was ever so much as formally charged with any crime connected with national security. Nor were any of them ever shown to have committed a breach of professional ethics. Their offense lay purely in the realm of ideas and association. Sidney Hook argued more than once that by the very act of joining the party, Communists had surrendered all claims to independent judgment, and thus relinquished their scholarly integrity. No actual professional misconduct needed to be shown; the potential for intellectual mischief was sufficient.

Many of those fired as a result of Congressional investigations were popular teachers; some were or would become distinguished scholars. And, interestingly enough, most had long since left the C.P. by the time they were summoned to Washington. Some had become critical of the Soviet Union and of the American C.P.'s shortcomings. But unless they were willing to turn informer, they still lost their jobs. *No Ivory Tower* is more than a history of repression; it is also the first significant published study of the role that Communists played in the academic world in the 1930s and 1940s. Schrecker suggests that for many academic Communists both the decisions to join and later to leave the C.P. were relatively casual ones. Their defections, by and large, did not fit the "God that failed" pattern of political and spiritual trauma; rather, they joined the party at a time when it seemed to be the most effective force for promoting social change and combating fascism, and they left when it no longer seemed so effective, or when their own priorities changed. "I was tired of it," one former academic Communist told Schrecker, "fed up with it, and I had to devote more time to my serious scholarly work." By the late 1940s Schrecker estimates that the C.P. retained at most a "few dozen" of the hundreds of faculty members and graduate students it had recruited in the 1930s.

Schrecker's study of the political trajectory this generation of radical academics followed in the 1940s suggests a new and interesting way of understanding the significance of this decade for the history of American Communism. The Congressional committees and university administrators need not have concerned themselves with the issue of Communism on campus. The "problem" was solving itself. Had there been no postwar Red scare, the Communist Party would most likely have remained a minor political force on the campuses and elsewhere. Its inherent flaws guaranteed that most of its recruits would leave after a year or less of membership. And if there had been no McCarthy era? What would that have meant for the substantial group of people who had gained valuable political experience and insights in the party? Would they, in time, have found or created more appropriate political vehicles for championing radical ideas and goals? Like all counter-factual questions, this one is unanswerable, but I think it suggests some of the costs of McCarthyism for American political life. What can be said with assurance is that the Red scare squashed the possibilities of "heresy" in the universities as effectively as it hastened the demise of an already moribund "conspiracy." With few exceptions, the voices of critical, independent radicalism were silenced or driven off the campuses.

Schrecker displays an admirable restraint in telling this sorry tale—and refrains from offering any apologetics for the C.P. Her judgment of it, and her evenhandedness, is best displayed in her description of Bella Dodd, a Communist Party functionary and leader in the New York Teachers Union who named names before the McCarran Committee:

> For Dodd, a complicated but enormously gifted woman, the journey from the Communist Party to the witness stand was clearly traumatic. . . . She did not leave the CP voluntarily, but was expelled on some far-fetched charges that reflected the Party's desire to rid itself of someone who was becoming increasingly critical of its growing rigidity and sectarianism. Her expulsion coincided with a series of personal tragedies, including a disastrous pregnancy in which she had to carry a dead baby to term. The psychological breakdown that followed was understandable, as was her return to the Catholic Church and her entry into the self-enclosed world of the anti-Communist network, a world so similar in its sectarianism and ritualistic denunciation of its enemies to that of the Party she had just left.

Schrecker's dispassionate tone reminded me of blacklisted screenwriter Dalton Trumbo's 1970 comment about that time: "It will do no good to search for villains or heroes or saints or devils because there were none; there were only victims." Sometimes Schrecker may go too far in her determination to be fair to the informers (as Trumbo's less forgiving colleague Abe Polansky commented in a rejoinder to the "only victims" speech, the informers "suffered more victoriously in the beginning"), but in the end one has to respect her admonition that "most [informers] were under such enormous pressure that it would be unfair for us to require even in retrospect the kinds of sacrifices that few of us have ever been called upon to make." Still, it is worth remembering that there were some heroic victims, like mathematician Chandler Davis of the University of Michigan, who invoked the First Amendment before HUAC and eventually went to jail for his defense of constitutional principle. Summoned before a university committee in the midst of his legal battle, Davis successfully refuted a charge that he had once shared a platform in Ann Arbor with Howard Fast and Paul Robeson. He went on to say:

> I don't mean to imply I would have been ashamed to appear on a program

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with Howard Fast and Paul Robeson, and as to being willing to appear on a platform with two such excellent Americans, I would be proud.

Davis was, of course, fired for his audacity.

Schrecker reserves her most serious criticisms for those in the universities who could have stood by their subpoenaed colleagues without significant danger to their own careers and reputations, and yet chose to do otherwise. Not only was such professional and political solidarity in scarce supply on American campuses, but many faculty members and university administrators actually played the role of auxiliary McCarthys in their own institutions. The case of Barrows Dunham, a member of the C.P. from 1938 to 1945, is revealing. Dunham was chairman of the Philosophy Department at Temple University when he took the Fifth Amendment before HUAC in 1953 and was cited for contempt. (His eventual acquittal helped establish the Fifth Amendment as a reliable shield against self-incrimination.) No sooner was the ordeal of his HUAC appearance over than he had to face another hearing before the newly established "Loyalty Committee" at Temple. This committee of his academic peers wrote to the F.B.I. requesting information on Dunham's political views, and the F.B.I. was only too willing to oblige. Dunham was fired. Years later he told Schrecker of his contempt for the hypocrisy of his colleagues

> who had known me for 16 years and more . . . I felt really soiled by [the Loyalty Committee hearing]. That was dirty stuff. They knew damned well better. They didn't have any personal doubts about my loyalty. They were infinitely more loathsome than the House Un-American Activities Committee. I still wince when I think of them; cowards, cowards.

The impact of McCarthyism on its academic victims is easy to measure in terms of lives disrupted and careers destroyed. The impact on the state of American scholarship is more difficult to assess, as Schrecker acknowledges. "There is no sure way," she writes, "to measure the books that were not written, the courses that were not taught, and the research that was never undertaken." In some areas, like East Asian studies, the damage must have been immense. I was disappointed and a little surprised that Schrecker did not attempt to examine the overall political impact

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of the episode. What accounts for the fact that out of this decade of political reaction there emerged, much to everyone's surprise, the most radical generation of students in the history of American education? In the twentieth century the ironies of history have usually worked to the left's disadvantage; this is one time they worked out otherwise, and it would be interesting to explore the reasons why. Apart from this quibble, *No Ivory Tower* is a superb book.

Is there any danger that we are in for a repetition of the dismal events chronicled here? The current political and cultural climate is not without its disturbing parallels to that of the late 1940s and early 1950s. Members of my own generation have recently been warming the hearts of aging cold-warriors with all-too-familiar acts of ritual self-abasement in the pages of such journals as *Partisan Review* and *Encounter*. When Peter Collier and David Horowitz, onetime editors of *Ramparts*, swore off "the casual indulgence of Soviet totalitarianism . . . [and] the hypocritical and self-dramatising anti-Americanism which is the New Left's bequest to mainstream politics" they were praised by *Encounter* editor Melvin Lasky for their "notable confession and recantation." (Lasky's personal bequest to American politics was, of course, to compromise a generation of anti-Stalinist intellectuals by acting as the conduit for secret C.I.A. subsidies in the 1950s.) In the immediate postwar years entrepreneurial informers like Louis Budenz dominated the headlines before HUAC got around to dragooning unwilling witnesses into testifying. Will voluntary performances à la Collier and Horowitz be followed in time by more coerced recantations?

Some of the repressive machinery established in the McCarthy era remains in place to this day: a distinguished fellow historian who recently left the sheltered liberalism of a small private college in western Massachusetts for a position at a major southern public university was nonplussed to discover that he was expected as a condition of employment to swear an oath promising not to overthrow that state's government. What might have seemed an amusing anachronism in the 1960s and 1970s takes on grimmer implications in the 1980s. Education Secretary William J. Bennett complained in a speech last May that

> campus radicals nowadays tend to see the university as a kind of fortress at war with society, an arsenal whose principal task is to raise "revolutionary consciousness," frustrate the government, discredit authority and promote a radical transformation of society.

When a number of prominent educators commented that Bennett's charges seemed curiously outdated considering the fact that a majority of college-age voters had cast their ballots for Ronald Reagan in 1984, Bennett's chief of staff, William Kristol, responded, "The problem today is perhaps more with those faculty that were students in the late sixties." So once again government officials are defining faculty members of certain political persuasions as a "problem." Will there come a time when the liberals and radicals who figure so prominently in the demonology of neoconservative polemics have to be rooted out by the methods of the 1950s?

Perhaps not. There are some encouraging differences—and at least one discouraging difference—between the 1950s and the 1980s which suggest that history will not repeat itself. Lacking a bogyman as tangible and plausible as the Communist Party, the right has had a difficult time getting anyone outside of its own ranks interested in its ideological vendettas. Charges of "twenty years of adversary culture" somehow lack the bite of "twenty years of treason." Jeremiah Denton's Senate Subcommittee on Security and Terrorism got off to a noisy start in the spring of 1981, but in the face of massive public indifference the hearings sputtered to an inconclusive close. Reed Irvine's attempt to establish a kind of freelance HUAC in the form of Accuracy in Academia succeeded only in making heroes of its intended victims and embarrassing the more fastidious neoconservatives. It is also important that such right-wing attacks have had to confront a civil liberties community far healthier, more united and more combative than that which existed in the early 1950s.

A less comforting difference between the 1950s and the 1980s is that the right seems to have learned a few lessons from recent history. They succeeded in stilling most of the radical voices on campus in the 1950s and what did it get them? The 1960s. While the right was winning victory after victory in the universities in the 1950s, it was losing control of the courts, as evidenced in *Brown v. the Board of Education* and

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other important decisions. The corridors of the Supreme Court (and the streets of Montgomery) turned out to be more important political terrain than the seminar rooms of Harvard. This time around, I fear, the right has its priorities straight. But if the first half-decade of Reaganism has spared us the return to the Red scare which seemed so imminent in 1981, it is as yet unclear whether that represents a reprieve or merely a respite. □

The Pain of Being Two

JAMES MARCUS

A GLANCE AWAY. *By John Edgar Wideman. Holt, Rinehart and Winston. 186 pp. $6.95.*

HURRY HOME. *By John Edgar Wideman. Henry Holt and Company. 185 pp. $6.95.*

THE LYNCHERS. *By John Edgar Wideman. Henry Holt and Company. 264 pp. $7.95.*

THE HOMEWOOD TRILOGY: Damballah. Hiding Place. Sent For You Yesterday. *By John Edgar Wideman. Avon. 531 pp. $8.95.*

At the conclusion of John Edgar Wideman's *Sent For You Yesterday*, a character muses over a piano performance she heard years before, a

> song so familiar because everything she's ever heard is in it . . . but everything is new and fresh because [the] music joined things, blended them so you could follow one note and then it splits and shimmers and spills the thousand things it took to make the note whole, the silences within the note, the voices and songs.

This description applies equally well to Wideman's achievement in *The Homewood Trilogy*, a group of interconnected novels set in the Pittsburgh ghetto where his family has lived since the middle of the nineteenth century. The trilogy fits the bill not only because of its inclusiveness, but also because of its cadenced, highly textured music—this is prose that needs to be read out loud. There's no other way to savor its ornery swing and lilt, its stop-time rhythms as the narrative passes from voice to voice. Wideman's multiple narrators produce an effect like that of Kansas City swing, where a string of soloists egg each other on over the bedrock of a ticking rhythm section. He draws his intricate and artful music straight from speech: his work, like that of Gabriel García Márquez or Giovanni Verga, offers a magical transcription of family stories, gossip and nuggets of local history, all brilliantly orchestrated.

The trilogy also answers a question that dogged and defeated much of Wideman's earlier work: What kind of fiction does a black man write from the predominantly white groves of academe? Wideman has spoken of the "tension of multiple traditions, European and Afro-American, the Academy and the Street," that animate his work. As an Ivy League graduate, recipient of the second Rhodes Scholarship ever awarded to a black American and later a graduate of the Iowa Writers' Workshop, Wideman must have felt an especially stong pull from the academy. And indeed his earlier novels, written between 1967 and 1973, struggle with this tension without ever quite resolving it.

A Glance Away, for example, interweaves two stories: a young black man named Eddie Lawson returns to his hometown after a year in the South kicking a drug addiction; at the same time, a middle-aged white college professor named Robert Thurley tries to face up to his homosexuality, a failed marriage and alcoholism. The book opens with an impressionistic prologue, all speed and biblical tone:

> On an April day insouciant after the fashion of spring insouciance the warm secret of life was shared with another. Bawling milk hungry mammal dropped in pain from flanks of a she. Him.
>
> Fine, healthy boy, eight pounds seven ounces.
>
> Mystery repeats itself to boredom. And he shall be called Eugene. In the name of the grandfather who balding, high on dago red, waited news in a cloud of garbage smelling smoke at the foot of steep, ringing marble stairs of Allegheny General Hospital.

But once the seventeen-page prologue has shown us the birth of Eddie's older brother, then Eddie and his grandfather's attendance at a holiness church service and finally the grandfather's funeral, the novel settles down to its alternating stories. Here the twin pulls of the academy and the street make their mark. Thurley stands unambiguously for the former. A literature professor and aesthete, he moves through the novel wrapped in a dense cloud of cognition; his monologues, festooned with literary allusion (in one two-page passage Joyce, Stendhal, Flaubert and Eliot all flit by), are often the source of unintended melodrama. When Thurley's Drama 101 class refuses to listen to his lecture on *Oedipus*, a small scene of martyrdom swims into his mind: "Thurley thought of the sea. Of a beautiful young sailor who had robbed and beaten him. It was a beatitude. A scene for Raphael to paint in his reds and blues." A beatitude? The self-pity is overdone to the point where Thurley's dilemma becomes uninteresting to us. For the most part, he resembles nothing more than an aging Stephen Dedalus who emigrated to America rather than Paris, found a university teaching post and lapsed into boozy depression.

Eddie, on the other hand, has no time for aesthetics. The details of his return home after a year kicking junk are truthfully and painfully managed, and unlike most literary prodigal sons, he doesn't find much of a welcome upon his arrival. Still, there's a sensation that he is part of a schematic, even sentimental, division of experience. In the house on Dumferline Street his embittered mother has crushed the life out of Eddie's sister, Bette, and broods over her own life without any of Thurley's cushioning aesthetic agony:

> Something told her all these momentary feelings must lead to a complete and final resolution which she by suffering could deserve to understand. But each time she waited, what came, if anything at all did, was never enough. No flash of light, no deep, settled contentment or despair, only the tickled nerve end dance leading her on and on. . . .
>
> Perhaps someday she would be vomited up suddenly in paradise.

Before the day is done, the old woman has toppled down a stairway and died, and Eddie has stumbled off to buy some dope at Harry's Place. There he meets Thurley, and thus begins the confrontation and attempted reconciliation of these opposites.

As a go-between Wideman introduces a character who will reappear, with only

James Marcus is a novelist and critic.

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minor modifications, in his trilogy: the albino Brother Small, with his "horsy features, the pink irises of his albino eyes, the pimples, the lisp as he formed his words [which] doubled and trebled their ugliness." Brother is a welcome violation of the overly schematic yin and yang of his two companions. The three end up in a clearing in the Bum's Forest, surrounded by broken bottles and slumbering winos. While Thurley and Eddie sit on a rock and brood, Brother builds a fire, foraging for twigs and dreaming of a chocolate bar. His ruminations, which end the novel, strike a note more poignant than the poeticized murmurings of the other two:

> I wonder what it feels like to burn if it always hurts once your hand is in it deep and if it pops and sparks like wood and if the color is the same and if it hurts and where does it go if you keep it in smoke rises through the trees to the sky towards the black roof where the sun will come if the sun comes tomorrow.

Fortunately, the vitality of Wideman's prose continually bursts the boundaries of his schematic designs. And although he fails to make its polarity really work, *A Glance Away* does engage an issue that's always on Wideman's mind: the way in which time cuts its notches into whatever survives it. Eddie returns home expecting to find an unchanged world, "as if"—glossing the title—"time were never more than the space between a glance away and back." The foolishness of this hope is the novel's lesson, one Thurley learns as painfully as Eddie does.

Wideman's next novel, *Hurry Home*, just as plainly addresses the tension between academy and street. This time, though, the novelist has taken a more economical approach, combining both strains in a single character, Cecil Braithwaite. Cecil is a black man who's slogged through years of law school, subsidized by the woman he promises to marry come graduation day:

> Lawyer Braithwaite, third of his race to be admitted and second to finish the university law school aided and abetted throughout by the unflagging efforts of Esther Brown, true avatar of that selfless, sore-kneed mother every night scrubbing the halls bright. . . . Esther on all fours, the solid rock on which I stood *cum laude*.

But Cecil's efforts don't win him a three-piece suit, an associate's salary and a deskful of litigation. His fellow students barely tolerate him as "a piece of their education, something to be coped with, to come to terms with, a measure of their powers of self-control." And in his own neighborhood, "the Magistrate" draws resentment: "The way he talked when he talked. A book caught in his throat or a spoon shoved up his ass he dropped each word like an egg that hurt him to lose. . . . He did keep a clean shirt." The tension of containing both worlds fragments him. Or sends him into a daze, a dreamlike state punctuated by what Mallarmé calls (in the novel's epigraph) *ce mal d'être deux*—the pain of being two.

On his wedding night, this pain propels Cecil—possessor of a brand-new law degree and a brand-new wife—out the door and into a journey that will last three years. His divided self keeps subdividing, crowding each vision with another, until time itself seems out of whack, stretched into illegibility. Geographically, Cecil's journey takes him to Spain and Africa, and then back to America, where he begins work at Constance Beauty's straightening parlor. It's a painfully appropriate job for Cecil, applying lye and relaxant to kinky hair. But the lack of resolution here gives an odd, impenetrable density to Cecil's story; the incoherence of his personality is echoed all too accurately by the incoherence of the novel.

Wideman produced one more novel during the 1970s—*The Lynchers*, a bareknuckles survey of the vigilante mind—but it wasn't until the first volume of *The Homewood Trilogy*, in 1981, that he found some of the answers to the questions posed in the earlier books. In his introduction to the trilogy, he describes a trip home for his grandmother's funeral in 1973 as "the beginning of these three books. As we sat late, late into the night, fueled by drink, food, talk, by sadness and bitter loss, by the healing presence of others who shared our grief, our history, the stories of Homewood's beginnings, were told."

The trilogy resolves the old tension between different traditions by embracing a mode of storytelling that transcends them. In these books Wideman lays aside the ornaments of modernism. In doing so, he sacrifices a certain brilliance of texture but gains the jolt of speech, of words that issue not from typewriters but from mouths. As one character notes, "It takes someone's voice to make things real." And instead of the author as demiurge, the trilogy casts the narrator (named, coincidentally, John) as a sort of curator or custodian, preserving a community of voices, refining them even as they refine him.

The three novels of the trilogy are thoroughly interlinked: for all intents and purposes, it's a single, unified work. But this extended quilt of stories contains a remarkable variety of tone and form. *Damballah* gathers a collection of family histories and apocrypha, ranging from the slave days ("Damballah," "The Beginning of Homewood"), through the turn of the century ("Daddy Garbage," "The Caterpillar Story"), all the way to contemporary events ("Tommy," "Solitary"). Voice and perspective keep shifting, even within a single story: "The Caterpillar Story" tells and retells old John French's exploits in the words of his wife and his daughter, and through the voices of the two conversing. *Hiding Place* is a less variegated book, narrowing its focus to two voices—ancient Mother Bess in her shack on Bruston Hill, and Tommy, the narrator's brother who's fled up to the hill after participating in a bungled stickup.

By the time he finished *Sent For You Yesterday*, in 1983, Wideman had completely mastered his storytelling techniques. The voices of John, his Uncle Carl, the albino Brother Tate and Carl's lover, Lucy, flow in and around each other with effortless fluency, forming and formed by the story of Albert Wilkes, a piano player who returns to Homewood seven years after he's killed a white policeman in a quarrel. Here Wideman affirms that his writing is an instrument of survival: "Past lives live in us," he says, and "Each of us harbors the spirits of people who walked the earth before we did, and those spirits depend on us for continuing existence, just as we depend on their presence to live our lives to the fullest." It's the affirmation sought by his grandmother Freeda French:

> To believe who she is Freeda must go backward, must retreat, her voice slowly unwinding, slowly dismantling itself, her voice going backward with her, alone with her as the inevitable silence envelops. Talking to herself. Telling stories. Telling herself.

Telling herself. This was the triumphant resolution Wideman finally found, telling himself through a chorus of voices and, in the process, telling us ourselves, too. □

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LETTERS.

(*Continued From Page 298*)

he pretended that he was unfamiliar with the details of the Schauffler case. Yet Schauffler says he had a substantive conversation with him about it on August 5, four days after he was fired by Don Hazen, in which it was clear that Hochschild was already familiar with the details of the case. Hazen is now trying to claim that politics were not a factor in firing Schauffler, yet on August 1 he told him, "Richard, because of your past nine years of affiliation with the Democratic Workers Party you cannot work at *Mother Jones*, and you're fired." Hazen told *Mother Jones* staff people the same thing three days later and, simultaneously, the District 65 union stewards and the District 65-U.A.W. general organizer in San Francisco. In sum, Hochschild, Hazen and the others said too much early on to lie successfully about it now.

The line now put forth by Hochschild and sidekicks is that there was nothing "political" in Moore's firing. It's hard to know what the word "political" means to these people. I suppose they've become so saturated with *Mother Jones*'s pastel vision that "politics" implies something utterly abnormal, as though Moore had insisted that working days begin with readings from *Capital* or with Red Guard calisthenics—though the latter might have struck an echo in Marin County consciousness. Hochschild hired Moore to change things; Moore believed him and came west and put his foot in it right away, as a report by Katy Butler in the *San Francisco Chronicle* for September 13 shows: "First, senior staff members say, he [Moore] started his new job by launching a tactless attack on recent issues and was surprised when present and former staffers ganged up on him." Well, you can tell right there that the man was impossible. He said he didn't like things such as a fawning cover story on Joe Kennedy Jr. This was heard with deep displeasure by the sponsors of the Kennedy story, including departing editor (and extant influence) Deirdre English, managing editor Bruce Dancis and others, who began to develop the very definite idea that maybe this Moore wasn't the ticket after all. Nothing political of course.

It was like this pretty much from the word go, and the first gutless thing Hochschild did was to leave Moore fighting it out with a mutinous editorial rump faction resisting change every inch of the way. The next thing he did was to make the very clear political statement of ramming the second part of Berman's Nicaragua piece down Moore's throat. In deference to the main defender of his conduct, Paul Berman of *The Village Voice*, Hochschild says that I twist everything "into ammunition" for my own "long-standing politico-literary feud" with Berman. Berman has managed to write along the same lines about this "feud" in a column in *The Village Voice*, for which *Mother Jones*'s owner and managers were soundly grateful, having anticipated in a joyful office memorandum this support from Berman and his colleague Geoffrey Stokes.

I thought a feud was something Whistler had with Ruskin, or Hellman with McCarthy. I can't say I see my intellectual relations with Berman in this exalted light. We've had a couple of go-rounds in these same letter columns over the past three years, which doesn't make for much of an ongoing polemical engagement. He's lodged in my mental filing cabinet someplace in back of Sol Stern and Ronald Radosh. His article on Nicaragua is what you would expect: amazingly full of self-regard (at one point you almost get the impression that he and Omar Cabezas made the Nicaraguan revolution together in joint homage to the spirit of 1968); standard-issue parlor anarchist about "Marxism-Leninism"; evasive about the U.S. role and even about *La Prensa*, whose attitude toward the *contras* he manages to describe as "ambiguous"; prudent enough to have some half-hearted talk about solidarity and ambulances right at the end. At least in the form I read, the article was trivial more than anything else, and if Hochschild had truly wanted to publish something original about Nicaragua, he would have done better to reprint either the

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article by Abraham Brumberg in *Dissent* or the one by Connor Cruise O'Brien in *The Atlantic Monthly*.

But Hochschild wanted the Berman piece as a political statement, and he made Moore agree to print it. Then he fired Moore on mean terms, with four days physically to vacate his office, which was scarcely the adieu given Moore's predecessor, the unsuccessful Deirdre English (*Mother Jones*'s circulation as of December 31, 1985, was 152,665), whose tenure, obviously politically more congenial, was capped with prolonged and ecstatic farewells. Moore's severance terms have been slowly improving in the nourishing glow of publicity and legal action. When it actually came to kicking Moore out, Hochschild flouted established procedures, which required him to call a directors' meeting of the Endowment for National Progress, on which a couple of staff members—no doubt with much cozy talk about democracy—had been given seats. One staff slot was vacant and the other occupant read about Moore's firing in the *San Francisco Examiner*.

This is the sort of thing that pisses me off so about the whole business. For years *Mother Jones* has been full of brain-numbing talk about being the magazine "for the rest of us." So what does "our" magazine do? It hires and fires Richard Schauffler—neither Hochschild's nor the viziers' letter seeks to explain that episode, I note—in a burst of disgusting McCarthyism, later compounded by confiding talk that the D.W.P., which disintegrated ten months before Schauffler sought his job, was a "cult." Hazen, futilely as it turned out, even called a teamster friend on the East Coast to smear Schauffler's name with the District 65-U.A.W. So now *Mother Jones* gets to decide on cults and blacklisting?

In a recent spasm of Jonespeak the magazine's management is claiming that it didn't fire Schauffler but merely "un-hired" him. This same management is deterring union staffers from supporting Schauffler on the grounds that a settlement favorable to Schauffler would fuel Moore's case, and the resultant costly settlement would leave less money next time contract time comes around. Is this the way "our" magazine should behave? It hires Michael Moore, talks about gritty investigative traditions, then finds he does indeed have a genuinely different set of politics, kicks him out, tries a cheap buy for his silence, then slathers together a heap of self-serving lies and goes around saying it was only office politics. Next they'll be saying he tried to strangle the office cat. I don't think this is "our" magazine. It's certainly not mine. I think it's a magazine for Adam Hochschild, who has either sponsored or conducted some remarkably nasty dealings in the past couple of months. As far as I'm concerned, having paid for the magazine he might as well buy all the copies, swelling the circulation with each issue, in the ultimate capitalist parody of what a popular left-wing magazine should be.

Alexander Cockburn

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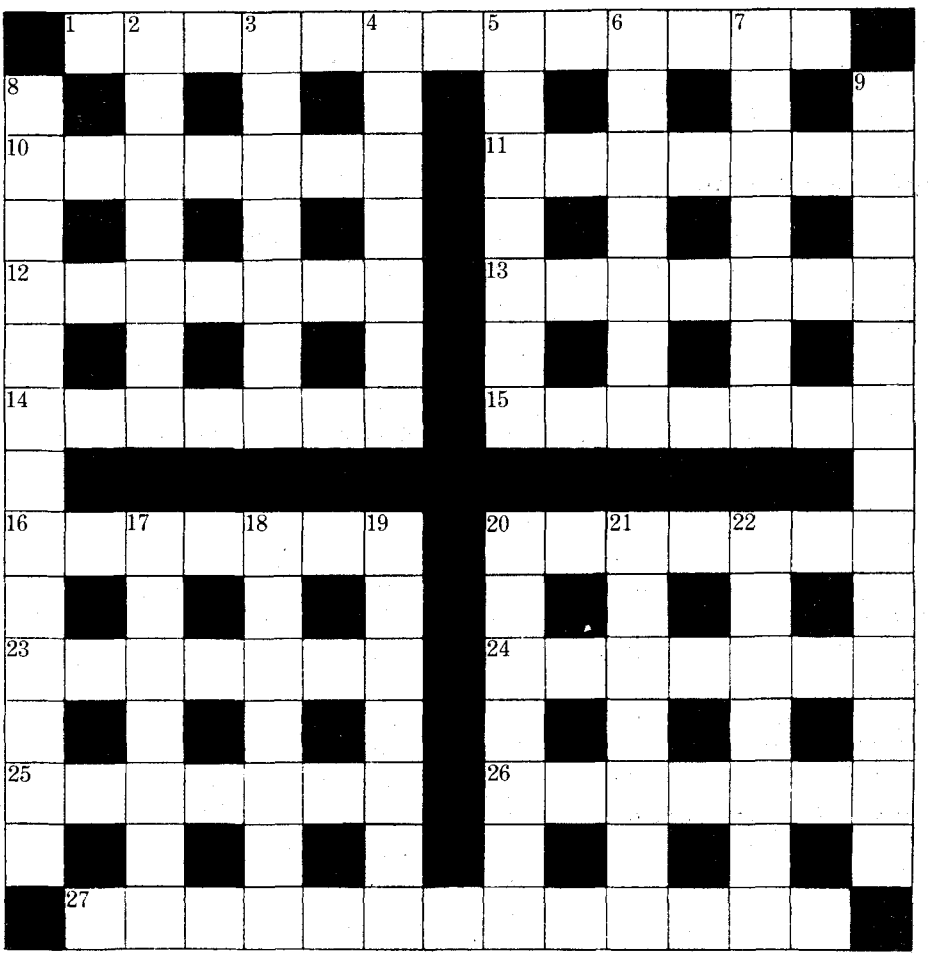
SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 2118

W	R	I	T	T	E	N	■	A	P	O	L	O	G	Y
E	■	N	■	W	■	E	■	C	■	P	■	L	■	U
L	E	G	R	O	O	M	■	C	O	A	X	I	A	L
L	■	E	■	A	■	I	■	L	■	L	■	V	■	E
E	S	S	E	N	■	S	T	A	R	S	H	E	L	L
R	■	T	■	D	■	I	■	I	■	■	■	O	■	O
■	G	■	O	T	I	S	■	M	A	I	L	I	N	G
P	U	T	■	W	■	■	■	■	■	N	■	L	O	S
A	M	O	R	O	U	S	■	A	I	R	S	■	W	■
N	■	G	■	■	■	P	■	N	■	E	■	B	■	V
C	R	E	M	A	T	I	N	G	■	S	T	O	V	E
R	■	T	■	R	■	L	■	E	■	E	■	T	■	R
E	T	H	I	C	A	L	■	L	A	R	C	H	E	S
A	■	E	■	H	■	E	■	E	■	V	■	E	■	E
S	P	R	A	Y	E	D	■	S	P	E	A	R	E	D

Crossword Puzzle No. 2119

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Valuable property of Con Ed, or those that think they own Mississippi? (7,6)
10 Say, Mr. Kennedy—is this turned aside? (7)
11 This sort is great, but perhaps not worn out as much nowadays. (7)
12 Fed out of a saucer, perhaps, but money in them might be said to go to pot. (7)
13 Worn by the rulers of 5 down, perhaps. (7)
14 Deals in which one might have several suits with the French. (7)
15 An emperor sounds like one who holds on to the English. (7)
16 One of those things careless people don't give with wine, perhaps, which shows a close relationship. (7)
20 As thin a mixture as one can make for some people! (7)
23 According to customs, goes over things attentively. (7)
24 What one might be doing if business is pressing, but it's only part of putting your hair on, in grooming. (7)
25 Sign on the back to some purpose. (7)
26 Used to make dye, though the nail gets broken in one direction. (7)
27 It might be assigned to those who carry a lot of weight, but one pays for it eventually. (6,7)

DOWN

2 In June, a tendency to get what is not consumed. (7)
3 In case this comes after it was thrown out, perhaps? (It may come up later around a New England state.) (7)
4 One certainly wouldn't find their customary behavior wearing. (7)
5 In Africa this is made out of 13. (7)
6 Resting, but somewhat moved by the last part of "The Bee." (7)
7 With the score 7 to 7, an illegal football tactic might still take place on something around the neck. (3-4)
8 A classical villain makes money, as they say, before he is found in the one that stumbles. (4,3,6)
9 The end of the line, if you're talking about the twentieth century—but that's some qualification. (2,3,2,2,4)
17 The parade doesn't quite finish with an animal display—which is strange, but true! (7)
18 What one might do on holiday, if one looks carefully. (7)
19 Sat up, with perhaps less ornamentation. (7)
20 His opening remarks are well known. (3,4)
21 What owls might be doing in circles, when night breaks around them. (7)
22 A lining might get torn if you see what the clincher had to be doing first. (7)

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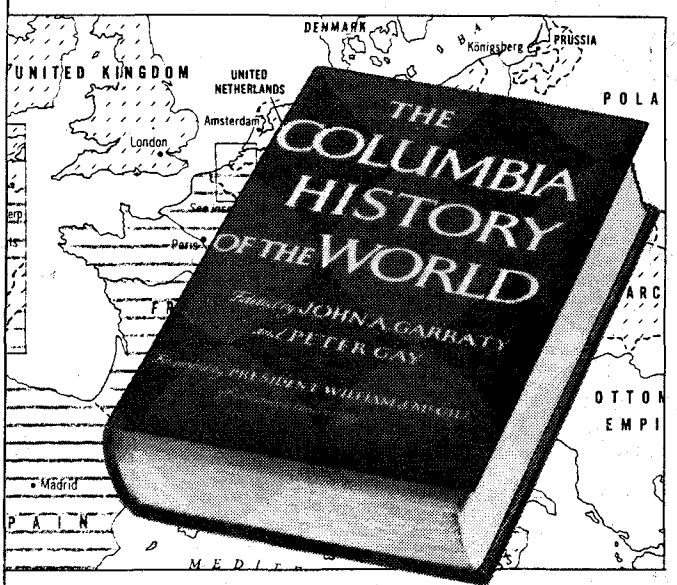

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